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THE

ARROW OF GOLD:

—OR,—

THE SHELL-GATHERER.

A Story that unfolds its own Mysteries and Moral.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SECRETS OF THE CELLS."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER III.

TEN years have passed since the scenes in the foregoing chapter transpired, and we once more return to the tower upon the cliff, but not with the same characters. The evening sun glances its arrows of gold and crimson along the rippling sea, and is reflected richly from the wooded cliffs and rocks, tinging them with a ruby glow. Far and wide expands the ocean, its line unbroken by isle or sail, until it meets the rosy horizon

A boat lay moored in the little cove by the sand-bar, at the foot of the steep path leading from the tower to the sea-side, at the place where Dame Alice had so bravely rescued, ten years before, this very night, the lovely little girl wrecked with the barque. The boat is that of a fisherman, and over its side hang nets, a-drying; its brown sail is furled to the low, black mast. It contains no one; but ascending the steep steps of the cliff-side is a youth and an old man, who have just landed from her. They soon reach the top, the latter laden with shining fish, while the other carries across his shoulder a dip-net, through the interstices of which shone, with divers bright tints, a number of beautiful sea-shells, of all sizes.

"It is a steep climb, lad," said the old man, setting down his strings of fish, as he reached the top; "I once had limb and wind to mount it, and not mind it no more than a hare! But I be getting old a-now! I am well on to sixty-seven, and that is pretty close on the threescore an' ten!"

"I will take the fish for you, father! you go and lay down under the old tower wall till I get back," said the youth, with affection, while a noble look of benevolence lighted up his handsome, though sun-burned, face.

"Nay, Philip, my son! I am not yet good for nothing!" said the old man, stoutly. "You have enough weight with your shells, and the quality ladies will rather buy them than my fish. When I was a lad, ne'er a penny could a man have got for a sea-shell; but now it is a better trade than fishing. I will rest me here a bit, and then will trudge for the houses o' the gentry."

"Father," said the lad, gazing upon the tower, "while you are resting, I will go and look over this old place; for I never yet had time to see more than the outside."

"Nay, boy; thou art best outside o' it," answered the fisherman, in a grave tone. "The place has an evil name, and I have reason to know it is no place for an honest Christian to set foot in."

"Is it haunted, father?" asked the youth with interest, and lively curiosity evidently awakened.

"I have heard the cry and wail of ghosts or devils, no one knoweth which; and I do not want to hear such sounds again."

"Where was it, father? I recollect that last year, when we came down here from the hamlet where we live, you said that robbers were haunting here."

"Yes, robbers and ghosts, and Sathan, it may be. It is a bad old place, and I ne'er heard good come o't. Once it was dwelt in, some dozen years or so ago, by an arrant witch, Dame Alice; and one night, in a storm, the devil flew off with her from the tower top and dropped her, shrieking awful, in the sea! Some say she believed that she could fly, and so jumped off, in her folly, and was drowned at the bottom of the cliff. Her ghost haunts the place ever since! Sometimes she is seen dancing a top o' yon rock, and sometimes skipping about o' moonlit nights on the sea below!"

"Hast seen her, father?"

"Many a time! But I always gave her a wide berth; for I could hear her scream long before she was in sight."

"Perhaps it was a curlew, father?"

"It sounds a very deal like one, boy; but a witch can imitate any sound. But this is not the worst. There has been heard most awful cries coming out from under the tower. They seemed to be in the very bowels of the rock. One night, it may be ten years ago, this very month, or thereabout, I was catching mackerel off the tower. There had been a great storm, two nights before, and a ship was wrecked, and not a soul saved, and by that token I remember the night well. Jacob, my brother, and I were in the boat. All at once the stillness was broke by a terrible cry that seemed to come from the mid-air. We were well frightened, and Jacob's line slipped through his fingers into the sea, and I lost the best hook I owned, and a line sixty fathoms long."

"But the cry, father? What was it?"

"It sounded like some fiend shut up in the bowels of the cliff. It was a most dreadful sound as ever human ears heard. It seemed to cry for help—and then it would roar and yell like a wild beast. We were so near the cliff that we pulled out, as fast as we could use our oars, and came to our comrades in two other boats, who also were frightened at the noise; and though most of us believed it to be one of the evil ones said to haunt the tower, two of the boldest proposed landing, to see if it might not be some human being in great distress. So their courage gave us courage, and we landed, and armed with our boat hooks and fish knives, seven of us in all, we got up to the tower."

"You were very bold, father!"

"We were very scared, boy, and a hare crossing our path, would have made us run away back again. When we got near the tower, just about where you see that larch tree, we were all startled by the cries again; for we had not heard them since we landed. They now seemed to come from below and out in the air. The bravest men drew close to the cliff edge and said the sounds were not from the tower, but were from the middle air—and that it was not from an earthly being. We trembled, but still listened, till we were assured that they were not in the air, but far below. This discovery not a little amazed us, and as they grew more and more horrible, we did not long delay in returning to our boats. When we got to them, we could hear the shriek above us! By-and-by they ceased, and we pulled off, and for my part, I have never fished there again by night."

"I think *I* would not have feared, father," answered the youthful Philip.

"Youth is ignorant, and ignorance is rash, boy! But see! what brave cavalcade have we here?"

The youth turned his head, and saw galloping forward, towards the tower, a party of four or five gay riders, evidently an excursion from some one of the country-seats of the noblemen or gentry within the vicinity.

"They are Lord and Lady Monteagle, lad! Doff thy cap, when they pass!" said the old man, setting him the example of deference "to one's betters" by uncovering his rough, white head, while yet they were a hundred yards off.

But the lad did not hear. His eyes were fixed upon an apparition of loveliness such as only visit the dreams (if even these) of the lowly born. It was a fair, child-like maiden of fourteen or fifteen, not older, dressed in a green hunting jacket, with gold buttons, a broad brimmed straw hat, hanging by the ribbon around her neck upon her shoulders, over which waved and flashed in the sun-rays, as she cantered rapidly along, a cloud of golden brown hair. Her charming and expressive face was full of animation, and richly roseate with the excitement of motion. She was laughing merrily, and her voice was an alembic, in which all sweet sounds were fused, to make a voice that was melody, even though mocking-birds sang around in rivalry of its cadences. This voice caused to vibrate a chord of emotion untouched before in the heart of the young shell-gatherer! while he gazed upon her face, as she flew past, on a fleet, snowy white pony, with the air of one fascinated!

"You have made a conquest there, fair Agnes," said laughingly a young man who rode by her rein, as he pointed with the silver whistle of his riding whip at Philip, who, with his bag of shells across his shoulder, stood with his dark eyes rivetted in homage upon her.

The young girl looked towards the fisher's son, and seeing his handsome face, his dark locks uncovered and finely waving about his open and noble brow, his piercing eye, she heeded not his coarse garb nor his bag of shells, but blushing at his ardent looks, which met fully her eyes, she looked more beautiful than before, and turning to the young man, said gaily:

"How handsome he is! It is indeed a rare conquest!" She looked back again, and seeing Philip still following her with bright eyes and a crimsoned cheek, she dropped her eyes.

"Upon my word," answered her companion, "he has made one also!"

"Made what, Radnor?" she asked, archly.

"A conquest also," was the reply, with a slight motion of the frowning muscles, and a scarcely perceptible biting, with very white teeth, of the nether lip.

"Ha, old George, are you here?" said the elder of the party, reining up a large chestnut colored English horse near the fisherman, who stood cap in hand, with his son near him. "I am glad to see you hearty. You have had luck on the water, I see! Take those fine fish up to the castle! Here is a half-sovereign—that will pay thee for thy fish and buy thee something for the good dame."

"You are very kind, my good lord," answered the old man, gratefully.

"And who is this? I have never seen him!" added the countess of Monteagle, a youthful and pretty woman, with an air and manner of great sweetness, smiling as she spoke, as if to encourage him.

"My—my son—my lady! When he has been with me to the castle, your lordship and ladyship have always been up to London, or to court; he sells shells, as you see, to the neighboring gentry's ladies, and hearing your ladyship had come home, we were going to your ladyship's house with them, hoping your ladyship would find some to your liking among 'em."

While he was speaking, she was regarding the face of the youth, and so steadily, that he turned his head and looked confused, and of course, being handsome by nature, looked handsomer still. Educated and refined people do not notice the dress, but the face, expression, air, tone, bearing. The vulgar regard costume, and so judge; while to cultivated minds, costume is lost sight of in the superior claims of the "human face divine." Lady Monteagle knew how to separate the face from the apparel. She turned to her noble husband, whose naturally proud bearing was only apparent to his peers, for to the poor and humble he always seemed humble as they, and said, in a low voice:

"That face is not that of a peasant! That eye is like a prince's, and so is the native carriage of the head. It cannot be that he is indeed this old man's child!"

"You are ever seeking for romance, Eleanora," answered the earl, smiling. "Believe me, when he gets old, he will be as commonplace a fisherman as George here! Youth always is attractive!"

"You are so practical, Conyers. But let us go on after Agnes and Radnor. What a graceful pair they make, for Agnes has now the height of a woman. I trust that they will take to one another, for my heart is on the union of our house with that of my cousin, Lord Cranstown. Radnor is now nearly of age, and will soon, as Lord Cranstown, be one of the most desirable matches in England."

"Wait awhile, dear wife! Agnes will be too young yet, for four years, to think of husbands, and by that time Lord Cranstown may have been taken captive by some other fair dame!"

"It is not injudicious to begin in time to make moves for so important an issue as I hope to see brought about. There they are reined up on the very verge of the cliff! They are rash! Any sudden alarm would cause their horses to leap off! Agnes, child! Draw back!" cried the countess, as she came near.

"We are only gazing, from this height, upon the noble expanse of sea, my dear mother. Is it not sublime! See! far in the distant a white sail is visible, like a speck of down!"

"And would you like to be on board, Agnes?" said Radnor Cathcart.

"O, no! I shudder at the idea of being in a vessel! The sea is beautiful as a spectacle from this safe place; but I cannot hear it roar without a secret and indefinable dread! If I ever dream of the sea, I behold it lashed with a tempest, and seem to be on board of a ship imperilled, and always wake struggling with the billows and gasping for air!"

"How strange!" said the young noble. "I never dream but pleasant dreams, for you always mingle with them!"

This was said with gallantry and in an under tone. The countess exchanged a glance with her husband, but evidently with relation to the words spoken by the young girl.

"Come, let us alight and walk through the ruins," said the earl.

The equerry in attendance, who wore the livery of the Monteagle family, took the horses of the countess and his master, and was about to take the bridle of the pony, from which Agnes Monteagle had bounded, refusing the proffered aid of the young man, when the latter, who was also on his feet, called haughtily to Philip:

"Ho, boy! come hither and hold these animals; and see you, walk my hunter about—keep him in motion, for he's warm—hark ye! do ye hear!"

There was something in the manner and voice of the young nobleman that must have offended the fisher's lad, for he coldly smiled and turning from them, with his bag of shells, walked away.

"What, dog of a peasant? Do you refuse?" cried Radnor Catchcart, with anger. "Obey me, and hold my horse!"

"I am not thy servant—I am free to consent or refuse, as it pleases me," was the reply of the shell-gatherer.

"But I will teach thee civility to thy superiors, an it please me!" responded the youthful nobleman, red with ire; and advancing towards him with his riding-whip, would have struck him, but for the voice of the earl.

"Hold thy ready hand, Radnor," he said, in a slight tone of reproof. "Thou forgettest, so long hast thou been in India, that English peasants are not Hindostance slaves. He is free, and will freely obey, of request, but not of command."

"See, Radnor, how I will rule him," said Agnes, with a smile. "Come hither, fair youth, and please hold my horse, while I go and see the tower!"

In an instant, Philip was at her rein! In the next moment, he felt the hand of the young noble upon his throat, and found himself flying ten feet from him. He did not fall! Quickly recovering himself, he drew his fish-knife and bounded towards him, caught him by the breast, hurled him to the earth, and with his foot upon his chest, and the knife waved in the air, stood over him, the master of his life!

The countess shrieked! The earl sprang forward, but before he reached the spot, the shell-gatherer had removed his foot, sheathed his short knife, and walked away with the slow, proud, self-possessed tread of a young Indian warrior. The earl's fine countenance betrayed his own view of the affair, and plainly he felt that Cathcart had been wrong, and that the fisherman had only acted with commendable spirit.

"I did not look for such high blood in a cliff-side sailor's lad," he said to the countess, who, pale at the sudden crisis just passed, was watching, with half-terrified interest, the receding Philip.

"He is no son of the old fisher, my lord! Never did I witness such courage, pride, chivalry, all at once, in the best born of the realm!"

"He is a base lout, and shall suffer for this infamous insult," muttered Radnor Catchcart, as he rose to his feet.

"Without doubt, such conduct in a peasant ought not to be borne," said the earl. "These people must know their place, and what is due to rank. George, thou art to blame in bringing thy boy up with such a temper."

"Nay, my lord, but he's always gentle hitherto! This 'bout of his amazeth me! I know not what evil spirit hath broke out o' the boy. I ne'er knew the like before in him!"

"Teach him not to show the like again! He has made a deadly foe, I fear, in this young lord." This was said aside, and in an under tone: "Tell me truly, is this lad thy own child?"

"What, my lord?"

"Nay, answer me!"

"But, my lord, he is my only stay! I am old and stricken, and he is of great help to me. When the times are hard, and the fish are scarce, he gathers shells, and makes me many a shilling for winter comfort."

"But you evade my question. Is he your son?"

"My good lord, everybody will tell you he is! He bears my name—he will tell you so himself."

"George, you are not candid and open. Once more I ask you to say whether he is your child."

The old man looked troubled! He bent down his eyes, as if he were counting his fish. He looked every way but in the nobleman's face. At length he said:

"My lord, I am too near the grave to lie, especially to so great a man as your lordship. If your lordship will tell me when I can see his lordship, and no one is near, I will tell the whole matter."

"To-morrow, at breakfast, be at the castle and ask for me!"

"I will not fail, your lordship," reluctantly answered the old man, as the nobleman turned away to rejoin the countess, who had overheard all that was said.

"You will find I am right, Conyers," said the countess, smiling. "The boy will prove to have been some estray, picked up, perhaps from a wreck."

"Like our dear Agnes," answered the earl, with a smile. "Because there is one child of the sea, you think there must be a score of them."

"Mark me, Conyers, that that old man will to-morrow tell you that he is no blood relation to the youth. A plough horse and my Arabian might as well be kindred, as these two."

"I am sorry to see that Radnor's early India life has made him imperative and fiery for our colder climate. The lad ought to have held his horse, and—"

"Any other would have done so, gladly, but this youth, who being, doubtless, as high born as Cathcart—"

"Upon my word, Eleanora, you jump at conclusions famously."

"I am assured that only an instinctive consciousness of being an equal could have led to this shell-gatherer's haughty refusal."

"You have odd fancies. But let us join them. Agnes and he seem to be at pouts, for they walk about."

They joined the youthful pair, who were at the tower's entrance. Cathcart was gloomy, and seemed to have some cause of dissatisfaction with the maiden, who said:

"You need not be angry, Radnor. If the young shell-gatherer is handsome, and very brave, *I* cannot help it."

"But you can help saying so. I have no doubt you would have been amazingly pleased if he had buried that knife in my heart!"

"This is rather severe on Agnes, my young friend," said Lord Monteagle, who now came up. "But let us go about the tower, and from the top get a view of the fine sea aspect, for which we have ridden hither."

As they wandered about the ruin, Cathcart's good disposition returned; and the earl entertained them with stories and legends of the place.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked the lovely Agnes, as he concluded a legend in which these mysterious beings played a part.

"I cannot say. There are unaccountable things told of many old castles. As to the awful sounds heard about this, there seems to be no doubt."

While thus talking, they came to the end of a passage, into which opened a side avenue; but as the arched ceiling above had fallen in, there was plenty of light to disclose its whole length.

"Let us follow this passage, Radnor," said Agnes, "and see where it leads."

"Perhaps into some old dungeon," pleasantly answered the young noble, as he followed her. The earl and countess also went after them.

"Here the passage ends against the rock, and there is no going farther," said Agnes, who was in advance.

"That is odd," remarked the earl. "The passage could not have been constructed to lead no where but against the face of this rock."

While he was speaking, Radnor exclaimed, drawing his hand quickly from the rock over which he had been passing it, to feel for a door:

"I have wounded my hand! Here is the steel point of a dagger, or knife, sticking out of the rock."

All drew near; and the earl, feeling the object, perceived clearly that it was the rusted fragment of a dagger.

"But how sticking out of the solid rock?" he exclaimed.

"Here is a crevice above and below it, dear father," said Agnes, whose brighter eyes had been able to detect what in the obscurity the rest did not perceive.

With the aid of a pocket-knife, the earl traced an irregular crevice for several inches, and then lost it.

"This must be a secret entrance into some cavern in the rock. If we had a torch, we might make some rare discovery!"

"I have flint and steel with me," answered the young man; "and with some dry sticks that we passed a while ago, I can make a bright light."

"Do so, Cathcart," said the countess; "I am full of curiosity."

In a few minutes the young nobleman re-appeared with the light, and by its aid the crevice, or joint, was soon traced for length enough to show them that an irregularly formed block of stone concealed the entrance to some subterranean chamber. After some time and close inspection, Agnes detected the stone bolt, almost hid by mould. This discovery was hailed with joy.

The earl and Radnor with their united strength, forced it back, and then pried open the door.

"I shudder at what may be revealed!" cried the countess. "I will not look till I know!" and she drew back.

Upon opening the heavy door, the earl, who looked first in, started back with an exclamation of horror. The countess echoed it with a shriek. Agnes trembled, and clung to the earl, who called to Radnor to thrust in the torch; for he had looked in without it, and seen only obscurely what had so deeply moved him.

"Behold!—it is a human skeleton upright!" he cried. "Some wretched prisoner, left here to perish by some tyrant of the tower! Let us go in and examine."

He entered, followed by Radnor; and Agnes shrunk back with the countess.

"What is it, Conyers?" asked the latter, shuddering.

"There is a cavern here, made for a prison, and in it is the skeleton of a man. He seems to have perished standing by this little hole or window, looking out for air or aid! See, his long hands are clasped through it, and keep the body in its place! There is some secret history of crime written here! The last day only will reveal it."

"Here is the broken dagger," said Radnor, stooping, to raise something from the floor.

"The same that had the point," exclaimed the earl, "for they fit."

"He has tried to pry open his prison door, and broken it in the attempt," said Cathcart.

"Poor prisoner!" said Agnes, venturing in. "How much he must have suffered!"

And she timidly surveyed the suspended skeleton, as it glared white and bleach by the torchlight.

"See, father," she suddenly called out, "it has a ring upon one hand!"

"I see it! It may reveal something."

The earl approached to remove the ring, which was a signet; in doing so, at his touch, the fingers, hand, bones, arms, and whole frame, fell in pieces, and the skeleton lay in fragments upon the floor, the skull rolling across the dungeon. There was a momentary consternation, which soon passed by.

The earl secured the ring, and holding it to the torch, after a moment's scrutiny, gave utterance to an excited exclamation of amazement, and raising his eyes with reverence to Heaven, said solemnly:

"There is divine justice and retribution still on earth!"

"What, my lord?" asked the countess.

"Who is he?" inquired Cathcart, eagerly.

"This captive, who has so miserably perished, is none other than the renegade and parricide, Lord Robert Clan William! Though he escaped the scaffold by flight, Heaven suffered him not to live. This solves all mystery! Ten years ago, I knew he was pursued to this tower, where he was said to hide himself; but he baffled pursuit. Without doubt, in shutting himself in here to escape his foes, he unintentionally buried himself alive; for we see by his broken dagger, by his attitude at the window, how he was seeking escape. He poisoned his noble and venerable father for title, and also betrayed a trust committed to him by the crown. He fled, an outlaw, and concealing himself here, was punished by God, as we see!"

The countess withdrew from the spot under emotions of horror, and the earl, after examining the dreadful place to see what more he might find, closed the stone door, and the whole party, slowly and silently, with solemn reflections, returned to the upper apartments.

The sun was now low, and they were soon in saddle, but deeply impressed with what had been so strangely revealed to them.

A mile from the tower they overtook the old fisherman and the young shell-gatherer. As they cantered by the foot travellers, the two stopped and raised their caps.

"Good even, ladies; a fair ride," said the old man.

"A good even of fair fishing for thee," answered the merry Agnes; "and if thou wilt come to the castle, I will buy all thy shells," she added to the youthful Philip, who, hat in hand, stood gazing admiringly, and with the deepest awe, upon her.

At this, Cathcart, who seemed to have taken a bitter dislike to the shell-gatherer, either because he was too handsome, or too independent, or too kindly spoken to by Agnes, with an ugly light in his eye, rode so close to the youth as violently to knock the net of shells from his shoulders upon the ground. The marine treasures were scattered over the road, and Radnor, with a mocking laugh of satisfaction, galloped on. Agnes, not suspecting design in the act, reined up, and said:

"We will help thee gather them up!" and in a moment was on the ground, and her bridle thrown to the old man.

"Agnes!" cried Cathcart, with an angry surprise.

"Nay, Radnor, Agnes is always for doing kindnesses. She will soon remedy thy awkwardness."

This was said pleasantly by the earl.

Agnes soon completed her task, and was rewarded, not only by a few words of grateful thanks from the surprised youth, but a gift of the most beautiful shell in his possession, and which she had admired as she picked it up. She accepted it with a smile, and was soon in her saddle, and on her way homeward, followed by Cathcart, in the worst possible mood for a young man to be in who would make himself agreeable to a fair girl. It was already starry night when they reached Castle Montegle, and trotted through the ancient gateway.

Two hours afterwards, the fisherman and his son appeared, and, for the night, took up their abode in a peasant's house, outside of the walls, ready to enter early to dispose of their fishes and shells.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY the morning following the events related in the last chapter, the old fisherman brought his merchandize to the gate outside of which he and Philip the shell-gatherer had lodged the preceding night. It was not yet sunrise, though the pencilled rays of morning shot across the east like an open fan.

"You are full early, Uncle George," said the drowsy porter, opening the lattice. "Give me thy fish, and here, take thy silver pay! You fishermen are too early risers for gentlemen on land."

The fisher handed his basket in at the window, and having counted the money, said:

"Master Simon, the good earl bade me come and see him in the castle, for he hath some questions he would put to me touching certain matters."

"What can my master have to ask such a low monger as thou art? Get thee gone, and let me sleep till the sun be up. Dost thou think lords rise at thy hours? a noble's sunrise is when he is over a peasant man's head, at high noon."

"Nay, but—"

"No buts. Get thee gone; and if thou hast ought to say to my lord, come six hours hence."

"Sir porter," exclaimed the voice of the earl, who was visible upon the wall over the gate, where he had been walking to breathe the morning air; "thou art going beyond thy place. Unbar, and let the old man enter; and see that thou be civiler to plain folk when they come to my gate, or I will speedily give thy office to another."

Upon hearing the voice and these words of reproof from his master, the fat keeper of the gate colored, and with apologies replete with confusion, he undid the gate, and admitted old George and his son; the latter of whom had been too much occupied in surveying the towers, bastions, high wall and turrets of the castle, to heed what was passing at the gate.

Upon entering the court, old George, by the command of the earl, was conducted by a servitor to his own rooms. Philip remained behind, and was suffered to roam about the castle-yard at his pleasure.

The earl, walking around the wall, met the old fisherman at the head of the stairs by the door of his private room.

"My rogue there would have thee think, George, that we are late risers here; but I do more work before sunrise than after, among my books. Come in! Sit down. Now I will hear from thee what thou hast to say touching this lad, Philip, I think you called him?"

"Philip, your lordship," answered old George, with hesitation; "but, my lord, if I tell you the truth, I trust your lordship will remember that I have raised him, and that now he is repaying me for my care; and that it would go hard with an old man to have him taken away from him; besides, no one can have a better right to him than I, who took him out of the jaws of death!"

"Then he is not your son?" said the earl, looking at the fisherman, who sat, hat in hand, on a stool by the door, rubbing down his gray locks.

"No, not exactly, my lord; but I have adopted him."

"Be frank—you shall not be a loser, whatever be the narrative you have to give."

"Then, my lord," answered George, brightening up, and with a more cheerful manner, "you shall hear how I came by him. It is thirteen years this next shad season, I was out in my skiff fishing. It was a hard year, and the schools kept far out a' sea. There had been a three days' storm, and I was anxious to get the first advantage, for fish always are caught easiest after a gale o' wind. It might have been about three o'clock in the afternoon, and having got my boat full, I hoisted sail to run in landward home, I was at least twelve miles a' sea.

After running about a mile, I saw some large object floating on the water, at least half a league to the south of my course. The man who was with me, said it was a wreck dismasted, for there was no rock there. I thought the same, and steered for it."

"And it proved to be a wreck?" said the earl, interrupting the details.

"Yes, my lord, not a stump standing; and the sea rolling her about like a log. It had been a very large ship, and had many guns overturned on her decks. But not a soul could we see. So—"

"And you boarded her?" said the earl.

"Yes, and found in her cabin seven dead bodies, which had been drowned there, for the cabin was full of water to within a foot of the deck. We were looking about to see what we could find, when we discovered in a berth over the companion-way a little boy, five or six years old, asleep. We waked him, and took him up and put him into our boat."

"And this Philip—is he the same child?"

"Yes, your lordship. No one ever appeared for him, and I raised him as mine. The ship sunk in an hour after we took him off."

"The name of the ship? Do you know it?" asked the earl, eagerly.

"No, your lordship. It was sunk too low for me to read it; and she was settling so fast we hastened out of her."

"I see—but got you nothing from the ship at all, by which she might be guessed at?"

"A silver cup, your lordship, and a compass, and some canvass."

"Where is the cup?"

"At my cabin, your lordship's earl," answered the old man—"that and the compass."

"How was the boy clad?"

"Scarcely at all—but was wrapped in a shawl."

"Have you the shawl?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Bring the cup, compass and shawl to the castle, the next time you come, good George," said the earl. "This youth may have a mother and father living, and it is right every means should be used to discover them! You shall not be a loser if they are found and he is restored to them. Come on Saturday with fish, and bring these articles."

"Your lordship's wish is a command," answered the old man, bowing low, and hobbling out of the earl's library.

"Well, Eleanora," said the earl, at the breakfast-table, "you are not so far out of the way, after all! This handsome shell-gatherer is not old George's son. He picked him up at sea some fourteen years ago, from off a wreck, and adopted him!"

"I was well convinced there could be no blood lineage!" said the countess. "How odd it would be, if he should turn out to be of high rank."

"That denouement occurs only in novels, dear wife," said the earl, smiling.

"How singular that there should be two such instances! Look, my lord! There both are! Both taken from the sea—orphans alike! See, Agnes is merrily bargaining with him on the terrace for his shells."

It was a fair sight to which she directed her lord's eyes.

Upon the upper step of the broad terrace, Philip sat, with his shells all arranged in harmony of shape and colors. As Agnes went by to the breakfast-room, attracted by the display, she lingered and began to select the fairest from among them. He seemed perfectly happy at her presence, and with constant blushing heard her praises of their beauty, and replied to her questions as to their names.

"And what is this superb one, all pink and orange, with pearl intermingled, and curved like a lotus?"

"That is a sea-fairy's shell," he answered. "Hold it to your ear, and you will hear the roar of the sea."

"Indeed, I do, plainly enough," she cried, with delight. "Where do you find all these?" she asked, fixing her beautifully lingering eyes upon his face, as if wondering at his beauty; but if he rested his full gaze upon hers, she would drop their eyelids at the same instant, while the conscious blood would mantle their temples. Neither, in truth, could look at or speak to the other without embarrassment—a confusion of the senses, pleasing as it was bewildering.

Fortunately, Radnor Cathcart was not at the castle to see this, or his ireful jealousy would have been roused to some purpose.

Suddenly their eyes met, over a gorgeous shell as she was asking its name, and such was the effect of his upon her, that she said, hastily: "I must not stay here—I will buy them all! Take this gold piece."

And putting it into his hand, she laughed she knew not why, and ran away and seated herself at the table as roseate as a carnation pink.

"You and the fisher-lad seem to have made quite an acquaintance, Agnes;" said the earl, with a smile.

"I hardly said ten words, dear father—"

"But looked ten-score! If Radnor could get from you such glances as you showered upon Philip, he would feel himself happy."

"Why, my dear father!"

"Agnes is young, Conyers, you should not make her blush so!" said the countess.

"The blush was on her face when she came in. It was the shell-gatherer put it there!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the countess, quickly. "What did he say to you, Agnes?"

"Nothing, mother—he only—only—"

"Only what—speak!"

"Only *looked*, that is all! But then his eyes are so handsome and piercing."

At this the earl laughed aloud, and the countess slightly frowned, as she said:

"Agnes, you must not notice the eyes of young men, especially of those you know nothing of."

"I wont, my dear mother!" answered the maiden, demurely.

"Agnes has handsome enough eyes of her own," answered the earl, "without thinking of other folks. How many shells did you buy?"

"All he had, dear father?"

"Marry come up! But he brings his wares to a good market!" Did you bid him bring more?" asked the smiling nobleman.

"As many as he pleased; but I would like to ride to the same sea-beach, dear papa, and gather for myself. He says that there are more beautiful ones there!"

"We will ride there some day," said the earl. "But when is your archery party coming off?"

"Soon! On the first of May, dear father."

"And the prize arrow is to be of gold?"

"Yes, papa! Radnor has ordered it from London."

"Radnor is very kind and thoughtful," said the countess. "I hope you will show him, Agnes, you appreciate his thought for your happiness."

"I would like Radnor, if he would not tease and annoy me so," answered the maiden. "He watches my words and looks, and wont let me smile at anything only when he speaks. He would be a blue-beard to me, I believe, if he had me in his castle."

"Don't talk in this manner, Agnes," said the countess; "he thinks so much of you, that—"

"That he wont let any one else look at her," said the earl, laughing. "Well, I dare say it was just so when I was young, fair wife! I was a miser of your looks and glances, and could have crossed lances with any other young man who caught one of them."

While they were talking, a gentleman entered, whose arrival was hailed with transports of welcome. The earl shook him heartily by both hands. The countess kissed him and called him "brother," while Agnes was folded in his arms.

It was Captain Manners. Ten years had made but little more alteration in his appearance than to turn his whiskers gray, and give him more fullness in person.

"When did you leave London, Manners?" said the earl.

"Three mornings ago. I have come to say good-by, before sailing for the Mediterranean; and have three days to spare."

"Four days, and you will be at our archery party, uncle," cried Agnes, who sat by him holding him by the hand.

"Archery! You have arrows enough in your eyes, girl, to pierce the best target a man ever placed in front of his heart."

"It is my birthday, uncle; I shall be fifteen, and—"

"Your birthday— Why, Conyers, sister! How did you find out, wh—"

A glance from the countess stopped the naval officer, while the earl said:

"The first of May, you know is her—"

"O, yes, that is right, I understand," answered the captain, with an intelligent return of the earl's look. "How the sweet thing has grown. Why she is as tall as the queen, and that is tall enough for any loyal English girl, hey, Agnes? By the bow of Dan Cupid! If I were a score of years junior, I would be sure to fall in love with your eyes, girl!"

"You couldn't fall in love with a niece, you know, uncle?" said Agnes, naively.

"Niece! ah—yes—I—I forget! True, it would not answer," answered the captain, in a blundering way.

After breakfast was over, the earl and his brother-in-law were seated together in his library.

"And so she is ignorant of her birth, and believes herself to be your own daughter?" said the captain, continuing a conversation.

"Yes."

"And the day I brought her here on horseback from the old tower, you celebrate as her birthday?"

"Yes, the first of May. On the occasion of her fifteenth birthday, we give her an archery party. Some score of the young maids and youths of the vicinity are invited, and an arrow of gold is to be the prize to be shot for."

"I will stay, and maybe I will shoot for it, too," cried the captain. "What would I not give to know who her parents were? I have long ago given up my fruitless inquiries to learn what barque was lost that night off the tower. But I love her, as if she were my own child."

"And we share your love for her, captain! Never was so fair a daughter given to parents—fair in temper, in form, in face, in voice, in manners. Such a winning art of loving—she has a winning love."

"Were ever such superb eyes! I have seen Spanish girls and Circassian, and maids of Ind and of the South Sea, but never such a pair of eyes."

"You were always running wild with beautiful eyes, brother," said the countess, entering. "Has Conyers told you what horrible discovery we made at the old tower, yesterday?"

"No, what was it? Not the ghost of that witch, who leaped from its top!"

"No, but the skeleton of the outlaw and parricide, whom you sought to take captive!"

"What—of Lord Clan William?" exclaimed the captain, with eager surprise.

"Yes."

"He had evidently sought shelter in one of the dungeons—a secret cavern—where we found his ghostly remains! This ring which I removed from his bony finger, identifies him. He must have perished miserably."

"What a wonderful discovery!" mused the captain. "I fancy that the woman knew of his concealment, and having been killed, he was left unapproached by any human foot, and so died by slow torture."

"I think it probable. What a chapter of horror would his last days there unfold."

"Surely there is one who rules above!" ejaculated the captain, with emphasis. "What did you do with the skeleton?"

"Left it there in its dungeon-tomb, and closed the door upon it as we found it."

"I would like to ride over there."

"Yes, while you are here, we will visit the place to gratify your curiosity."

Not far from the castle was the parish church buried in a group of venerable oaks. Towards this sacred spot, Captain Manners slowly took his way, during the evening of the day of his arrival at Monteagle. The doors were open, and uncovering his head, he reverently entered and took his way up the aisle towards the chancel. Ancient marble effigies of the noble dead reclined on tombs erected above the crypt. To one of these he advanced, and kneeling by it covered his face for a few moments, as if in silent prayer.

Upon it was inscribed the names of the earl and countess of Beverley. They were his parents. He came, with filial piety to pay his respects to their revered memories, before going into a foreign land. The latter had died since his last visit home. Ten years before, she was the dowager mistress of the castle, and it was to her he conveyed in the saddle, the child which he had rescued from the power of Dame Alice. The countess had with her at the time her daughter and husband, the Earl of Seafield, now Monteagle, who adopted the "orphan of the sea," and took her to their own residence. On the death of the aged countess soon afterwards, the Earl of Seafield removed to Monteagle Castle, and took the title of Monteagle, to that of Seafield. Captain Manners, whose true title was now Lord Beverley, after having paid this tribute of his respect for the memory of his noble mother, arose from his knees and unconscious of the tears that stood on his sea-tanned cheek, turned to walk out of the church, when he was startled by seeing before him the form of a woman in gray, who was leaning upon her elbows with her face in her hands, and fixing upon him keen and watchful looks from her haggard eyes. The church was obscure with evening twilight, and he could only perceive indistinctly her face.

"In the name of Heaven, what art thou?" he cried with a changing countenance, and stepping back as if he had seen a spirit.

"Thou shouldst know me, Lord Beverley," answered the woman, mockingly.

"If I had not seen thee killed by a fall of two hundred feet into the sea!"

"The sea opens its bosom to its children, and dashes them not to atoms like mother earth."

"You did not survive that descent! Is it possible?"

"I am no ghost!"

"It seems incredible; but since thou art alive it was possible!" said the sailor. "What do you here among these graves, as if thou wert a restless soul?"

"I had last night a house among the dead! an empty tomb shelters well the living. My lord," she suddenly added, "I demand of thee my child."

"Then thou hast not seen her?"

"I look to thee for her. She is mine! Does she live?"

"Yes—but—"

"Then she is mine! I have travelled half the globe to get hither, to find what became of her. I last saw her in thy arms ten years ago."

"Where hast thou been?"

"Over the sea. Wouldst thou know? I was driven to sea on a fragment of the barque's wreck. After being a day upon the deep, I was picked up by a ship bound to the distant shores of Brazil. Only yesterday did I reach this place, seeking my child!"

"What is she to thee?"

"I have had only one thought in all my absence—to get back to England to hunt up my child! I have come thus far. I believed you took her to your own home. I shall know to-night, whether she was sheltered by yon castle wall. Tell me, my lord! She is naught to you. Does the child live?" asked the woman, with almost a menacing air.

Captain Manners was troubled. He felt that a serious evil had crossed the path of Agnes, in the sudden re-appearance of this woman—whose passions ten years had increased and made fiercer. He felt that it was important that she should be ignorant of the child's fate, whether it were living or dead. He resolved that she should not see her if he could prevent it.

"Dame Alice, if this be thy name, this is no place for thee! Begone from this estate, or I will have thee arrested as a vagrant."

"Thou wilt, eh? No, no! I fear no such thing. I go not away, until I have seen the inside of yonder castle."

"Wilt thou take gold and begone?"

"Gold. Look ye! Hark!" and she shook before his eyes a bag that she drew from her girdle, and then opening the mouth of it, showed him that it was filled with gold. "This comes from Brazil, where it grows. Think ye I was ten years in that land, and got not wealth? I have hoarded it up for my child."

"What child?" asked the captain.

"The child I drew from the sea, and of which thou hast robbed me."

Lord Beverley for a few moments was undecided how to act. To let her visit the castle would be to cast a firebrand into it, and destroy the peace of mind of the earl and countess, and the happiness of Agnes, who was ignorant of her orphanage.

At this moment, he saw passing on the road, one of the bailiffs with two other men, on their way to the village two miles off. He called to them; and not without a struggle was Dame Alice borne off by his command as a vagrant.

He returned to the castle ill at ease in his mind, but resolving to have the old woman sent the next day out of the parish, to her own, he concluded not to speak of his having met her in the church to any one, trusting no more would ever be heard of her. The ensuing day he appeared before the justice, and making his complaint, she was banished beyond the bounds of the parish, which would place two leagues and a half between her and the castle at the least.

Preparations were now made with great activity for the coming trial at archery. A lawn in front of the castle, between the chief gateway and the church was enclosed, and seats provided for spectators, and tents made ready to be pitched on the coming morning. Booths for refreshments for the peasantry, and Maypoles and ground for sport of ball, were prepared for them beyond the lists for the archers. Some of the noble guests commenced arriving the evening before; youths and maidens followed by retainers bearing bows, arrows and targets. All was cheerfulness and confusion, hurrying to and fro, and getting ready for the momentous morrow.

Captain Manners, in his excitement, quite forgot his interview with old Alice.

"You must feather that arrow nicer than that, uncle," said Agnes; "for I intend to win the golden arrow with that one!"

"I had best feather it with humming-bird wings," said the sailor, laughing.

"No, with the eagle's feathers!"

"Are these eagle's plumes?"

"Yes, and they are very hard to get!" Radnor said it was impossible to shoot an eagle."

"How then came you by these?"

"Why, when I said yesterday that I would give anything if I could only beard my arrows with eagle's feathers, for they are the truest, the young shell-gatherer said he would capture me an eagle!"

"A brave promise?"

"And he redeemed it. This morning he brought to me a live young eagle, and it is now a captive on the other side of the courtyard; and these are some of the kingly bird's plumage."

"This shell-gatherer must be a man of courage," said the captain.

"He is only a youth—scarcely nineteen!"

"Handsome as well as brave, I dare say?" said the captain, with a mischievous twinkle in his hazel eyes.

"Very!"

"Fine teeth?"

"Perfect."

"Raven hair?"

"Like the very raven's plumes."

"Tall and well-shaped?"

"Princely."

"A real hero, hey? in canvass jacket and bare feet!"

"Now you are laughing at me, dear uncle."

"At your earnestness and romance. It is well this youth is a poor peasant, or Radnor Cathcart would fare badly, I am of opinion."

"I don't think Radnor near so handsome!"

"No?"

"Nor so—so kind-looking!"

"Ah, indeed!"

"Nor so—he hasn't such fine eyes!"

"I see how it is; Radnor has a formidable rival. I must warn him," said the captain, trying to look grave.

"He knows it already, and hates Philip, and quarrels with me!"

Here the captain laughed heartily, and nearly spoiled the arrow; while Agnes laughed and blushed, and finally ran from the apartment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COURAGE.—True bravery is sedate and inoffensive; if it refuse to submit to insults, it offers none; begins no disputes, enters into no needless quarrels; is above the little, troublesome ambition to be distinguished every moment; it bears in silence, and replies with modesty; fearing no enemy, and making none; and is as much ashamed of insolence as of cowardice.—*Ogden.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SUMMER.

BY MARY DELL.

Summer is here, the air is mild,
The leaves are on the tree;
The flowers are gay upon the bank
And o'er the freshened lea.

The busy bee, the wandering bird,
Are passing to and fro;
But where are they, our dearest friends?
Cold, silent, death-laid low.

Can we bid welcome to the time,
As gaily as of old,
When life was young, and every hour
Of love and friendship told?

Ah no! we cannot greet the hour
With gladsome melodies,
When bird, and flower, and sunny sky,
Call up sad memories.

THE GIPSEY GIRL.

BY M. M. BALLOU.

At the date our story commences, about the year seventeen hundred and forty, there resided in the west riding of Yorkshire, England, a family of ancient pedigree and great wealth. This was the family of Sir George Pasely, a gentleman of the old English school—proud but kind to his numerous retainers, hospitable and liberal to the fullest extent of charity, but as a justice he was also austere and rigid, imbued with those strict notions that actuated the early puritans, our own parents, who were descendants of the same stock as Sir George himself. Justice Pasely, as the peasantry were accustomed to call him, lived in the old family mansion of his ancestors, of whose long and honorable line he was the only living representative.

Sir George was married, but not until he was already a bachelor, but his wife was a young and lovely being, of tender age compared with his own, for when she became Lady Pasely she was but nineteen years of age. Sir George doted on her, and indeed she was worthy his fondest regard, being everything in person and in mind that the heart could wish. But alas! the destroyer death came, and the same hour that made him a father, took the gentle mother and fond wife to her long home. Sir George was a philosopher, but what does cold, methodical theory weigh when the heart is touched? He wept over his bereavement like a child, and while he pressed his infant daughter to his breast, swore to love it with a redoubled affection, and thus make up in part for the want of a mother's endearing care. Time rolled on, and the sweet child grew daily more and more like to what her mother was, while Sir George loved her with a deep and absorbing affection.

There was a young man, a wild and reckless spirit, that claimed to be next of kin to the Pasely family with Sir George, and who would, doubtless, from some peculiar causes known to law, be able to establish his right to the estates now holden by Sir George, provided he should die without issue. Therefore the birth and future growth of the little Louise Pasely was watched with jealous care by Earnest Renwood, who hoped one day to possess the broad Pasely estates for his own. The child presented an insurmountable barrier to this expectation, and each day that added strength and fresh life to the bright-eyed and lovely Louise, rendered the dark-spirited Renwood more desperate. And yet to cover the feelings that prompted him, he was in the daily habit of communion with the family and household of Sir George, and the little Louise even had no warmer friend, apparently, than the dark and wicked souled Renwood.

Four years had passed since the birth of Louise, who proved to be a sturdy and beautiful child, when Renwood saw that he must bring his designs to an issue, nor leave any longer his hopes to chance. He therefore formed the resolution of adopting some expedient to rid himself of her, for, as we have seen, she stood between him and the rich lands he so much coveted. He was not naturally a hardened villain, but that powerful incentive to evil, that most thriving agent of the evil spirit, avarice, was goading him on to the brink of perdition; and he had no power whereby to resist, for he was an orphan, and had been reared, lacking the fostering care and goodly counsel that forewarns and forearms youth against the temptations of manhood.

It was late one mild summer's night, when he came to this conclusion; he recalled to his mind that at a wild and secluded spot, some two miles from the immediate neighborhood of Sir George's estate, there were encamped at that very hour a band of gipseys, who he at once conjectured might be of service to him in the plan he proposed to execute: viz., to rid himself of the little Louise Pasely, heiress to the estates that he was determined to possess. Renwood had wrought himself up to a pitch of desperate determination, and he scouted at the means by which he was to gain his purpose, so that he might but succeed in his grand object. Step by step he had come to this, as we always progress in evil, for there never was a hardened villain who became so at a single move. Therefore is it that we should guard the first advancement. Earnest Renwood was soon at the gipsey camp, and ere long in close conversation with the leader of the troop, a man who had villany engraven on his forehead, and rascality looking out from every expression of his wrinkled and weather-beaten countenance. It is singular how thoroughly a man's calling will mould his physical system into its express image. This man was the chief of the gipseys, and his form and every look said the same. He seemed to have been formed by nature to fit the space he filled; and yet no mortal could tell the untoward circumstances that had made him that which he now was. Circumstance had moulded him to its purpose, not birth, for I could point you to signs there that bespeak intelligence above the class in which he now moves: but we wander.

Renwood explained his business at once; which was that of the child's destruction. He knew his man, and made it a plain business transaction, offering the gipsey a reward that might have tempted a more honest man. All was arranged to his satisfaction. The gipsey contracted that on the following night the child should be stolen from her own room while sleeping, the doors being left unlocked through the agency of Renwood (who, as we have seen, had free access to the house), and its life sacrificed before another day should dawn upon them; and for this the gipsey was to receive five hundred pounds sterling. This fixed upon, Earnest Renwood turned to seek his home, moving with the stealthy tread that cleaves to the feet of the guilty. It was a fearful night to him, though the elements seemed all to slumber, for he had contracted for the *murder* of a human being!

The gipsey was faithful to his contract; the little Louise disappeared on the subsequent night, and on the following morning, when her absence was discovered, consternation filled the hearts of all. The father, Sir George, was almost delirious with anguish. No means were left untried to explain the mystery, but in vain was all search. The gipsey band were examined but no intelligence was gleaned from them. They appeared to be all at their encampment as before, and all search seemed only deeper to envelope the whole affair in mystery. A sadly dark cloud then settled over the household of Sir George, for even the domestics fully participated in his grief, so great a favorite had the bright-eyed and beautiful child been with all.

Time never lags, let whatever contingency occur; and still it passed on, but it healed not this second wound in the heart of Sir George Pasely, and all the attempts instituted by his friends to divert his mind were in vain. He joined in the politics of the times, became a member of Parliament, contested the palm with some of the most powerful minds of the day, and with success, too, for he was a man of brilliant talents and general acquirements; but all the while did the festering sore of grief canker in his heart, wrinkling his brow and dimming the light of his eye. In the sweet little Louise, he seemed to have lost everything that was dear to him in life. She still held the same place in his heart, and he daily pictured her gentle little form to his imagination and wept over the remembrance.

Twelve years, with all the changes that so long a portion of time brings, have passed since the loss that had so wrung the heart of Sir George. He had grown gray, and many a wrinkle crossed his manly brow. Fatigued and disgusted with an employment in which he felt no interest, he determined upon a partial retirement from the political arena, as a course more congenial with his feelings; therefore it was at the expiration of the time referred to, that he was again at his home in Yorkshire, where he resumed his seat as a justice of the county. Leaving Sir George Pasely with a heart softened from its native sternness by the sorrow it had so intimately known, we will turn to another part of our tale, begging the reader's patience.

Turn with us then, so please you, to the south of sunny France; it is the vineyard season, and the racy grapes, bloated with over ripeness, are being gathered. A gay time this among the French peasantry, and these gipseys know it well, for see, in this little post town, it is nightfall, and the laborers of both sexes, each with a richly loaded basket of the generous product of the vine, are coming in from the neighboring fields. Here before the small post house and tavern on the little green, the laborers pause to witness the dance of the gipsey tribe. While the rest throw themselves lazily upon the greensward, forming a wild and picturesque group, to whose countenances the twilight and reflections of the western sky lent additional interest, by clothing them in strangely vivid hues, two of the gipsey tribe, a male and female, commenced the dance together upon the greensward.

The girl coupled her light and graceful movements with the notes of the merry castanets, while the young man accompanied her upon the gay ringing tambourine. The girl might have been sixteen years of age, and her companion perhaps a couple of years her senior, both evincing the healthful vigor that the gipsey's life, so near to nature, is sure to induce. The fostered and delicate child of wealth could only envy such charms as the gipsey girl exhibited, she could not possess them. Art may imitate, but it cannot equal nature. Minnitti, the danseuse of the gipsey tribe, was a queen in beauty, and many a queen would have envied her.

What brilliancy in those eyes of black, and how round and beautiful the outline of that form and face. How thrillingly lovely the expression of her speaking countenance, how graceful her light and airy step. The dance over, she advances to the crowd, who have stood mute and entranced with the scene, and holding the tambourine taken from her companion, solicits in eloquent silence a few francs in payment for the exhibition. And stay, even the crabbed old post keeper thrusts his hand into his pocket. It must be enchantment that can move him. The gipsey danseuse has all the ruddy complexion that her exposed life induces, but still there is a delicacy in her skin, a native refinement in her manner, that seem to announce her as being above the rude companions who surround her. Her dress resembles the Castilian style, and her companion wears the costume of a Spanish mountaineer. Had fate ever placed two beings more appropriately together? Each seemed the counterpart of the other, and grace and beauty the share of both.

"Friend," said the landlord of the little inn referred to, addressing the leader of the gipseys, a dark, tall man, with a most forbidding countenance: "Friend, whither do you travel?"

"We are bound for merry England."

"And from whence, master?"

"Here, there, and everywhere," replied the gipsey, vacantly; and then as if arousing, said: "We have travelled these many years upon the continent, and are now about to try English ground."

"Where do you stay for the night?" asked the landlord, eyeing the beautiful person of the danseuse, who had evidently warmed into life what little soul the old man had left in his bosom.

"In the outskirts of the village, where our tents are pitched."

"Does the danseuse sleep under a tent with the rest of you?"

"Where else should she sleep, monsieur?" asked the leader, now turning his shrewd and suspicious eye upon the speaker.

"I would fain give her lodgings free in my house for the night; she seems too delicate to lodge without better shelter."

"There is no better shelter than the heavens," said the gipsey, turning coolly away, and making a signal for the band to follow.

A month subsequent to this scene upon the greensward in France, the gipsey band were in the west riding of Yorkshire, England, and the beautiful danseuse Minniti, with her handsome companion, were performing to the delighted villagers of the country. It does not escape the inquisitive eyes of the spectators, that her companion, Fernando, watches with a loving eye each motion of Minniti. Both seem to be all in all to each other, while they danced day after day, apparently happy and content, until at last trouble beset their path, and of which we must tell you, gentle reader.

The little town in the environs of which the gipsey band were encamped, was one day thrown into commotion by one of the inhabitants declaring that an article of considerable value had been stolen from his house. The article stolen was a valuable jewel, and as a matter of course the gipseys, who had now been in the neighborhood for some days, were charged with the theft. One of the inhabitants even remembered to have seen a female of the tribe near the door of the house from whence the jewel was missing, on the day of its loss; while another, thus aided and prompted by the declaration of the first, was ready to make oath that he had also observed the person, and moreover that it was none other than Minnitti, the danseuse of the band!

This was quite sufficient, and upon such strong circumstantial evidence, the beautiful girl was seized and rudely carried before the justice of the county, for examination. Poor Minnitti! How she drooped under the rough charge and consequent mortification, even as a budding flower withers under the influence of an untimely frost. She hid her face in her hands, and wept like a child, while the gaping crowd wondered how a gipsey could cry at all. The justice listened with official dignity to the charge brought against the gipsey girl, and after hearing the evidence that was also given, he was forced to send her to prison. In vain was all the proof offered by the tribe as to her innocence—no court would heed a gipsey's evidence,—and the justice was forced, though compassion was in his heart—ay, and beamed broadly from his countenance, too—to commit the girl.

Immediately after the justice had pronounced the sentence, and the weeping girl was about to be borne away by the officers of the court, a young man stepped suddenly forward from the crowd, and said, while he thrust aside the rough hands that were extended to seize Minnitti:

"Stand back, if you would not have me take your lives! The girl is innocent! I stole the jewel! Why should you charge this upon that gentle being, innocent and pure—ay, purer than the best of ye? It is I who am guilty!"

"Thou?" cried the gipsey girl. "Impossible, Fernando!" for it was her companion of the dance. And the gentle girl, rejoicing to find one friend so near her in this fearful moment, threw her arms about his neck, and wept upon his breast.

"Even so, dear Minnitti," he replied; "but fear not for me, I shall soon be released again. Keep up a brave heart, dear girl."

As he said these words, the justice directed the officers to release the girl, and commit the young man to prison, glad of an opportunity to clear one whom he could not find it in his heart to commit. With anguish speaking in every line of her beautiful face, the gipsey girl bid Fernando farewell, and turned, weeping, towards the encampment.

"My good girl," said the justice, calling after her, "come hither; I would speak with you."

Minnitti obeyed mechanically.

"What is thy name, child?" asked the justice, in a gentle tone, intended to soothe her wounded feelings.

"They call me Minnitti," she replied, sadly.

The justice looked kindly upon her, and conferred in a low tone with the clerk at his side for a moment, then asked:

"And this young man, who is he?"

"His name is Fernando, and he is one of our people."

"Though he was guilty, it seems he was too honest to let thee suffer for him," continued the justice.

"Sir," said the gipsey girl, a virtuous indignation beaming from her bright eyes, "he is *not* guilty."

"Not guilty, girl? Why, he acknowledges the charge freely."

"Still he is innocent."

"What is his object, then?" asked the justice, more interested than ever in the conversation, and the subject of it.

"To save me from prison, sir," said Minnitti, while her bosom heaved with sobs that well nigh choked her.

"Do you know this to be true?"

"What other purpose could he have in view?"

"True, true—if he be not guilty in fact. Say, is this Fernando thy lover, girl? Speak!"

The gipsey blushed (another wonder to those around, that a gipsey could show the color of virtue) and hid her face.

"Well, well, child," said the justice, kindly, moved even to tears by the scene before him, "I will think over this matter, and, perhaps, if neither of you is guilty, it may be made so to appear;" and signifying to the gipsey that she might depart, the court-room was soon cleared, and the crowd dispersed.

The justice was Sir George Pasely, and that same night, while he sat alone in his study, musing upon the examination of the gipsey, and the singular circumstances relating to it, a servant announced that a stranger desired to see him. He was admitted, and the tall, gaunt person of the gipsey leader was before him. Sir George motioned him to a seat.

"Judge," said he, at once, "I am a man of few words. I have come here on a matter of business, and, with your permission, will speak at once to the point."

"Go on, sir!"

"Twelve years ago," continued the gipsey, "you lost a child!"

The old man sprang like an infuriated animal upon the person of the gipsey, and seizing him by the throat, had nearly thrown him upon the floor before the gipsey sufficiently recovered himself to release his neck from Sir George's grasp.

"Stay!" said the gipsey, casting off the justice with an ease that showed at once his superior physical power, and with a degree of composure that proved him to be no stranger to scenes of personal conflict. "No power on earth can make me speak unless I choose. Now deal with me like a man, and I will do so; resort to force, and I am dumb forever."

"Speak, then!" said the old man, trembling in every limb. "Speak! What of my child?"

"As I said before, this is purely a matter of business on my part," continued the gipsey. "Will you give me five hundred pounds if I will return your daughter to you?"

"I will have you confined until you do speak!" said Sir George, reaching towards a bell to summon a servant.

"Stop!" said the gipsey. "If you resort to force, I tell you again, this secret shall die in my breast. Deal honestly with me, and I will keep my word to the very letter, and your child shall be restored."

Sir George sunk back in his chair, overcome by the exertion he had involuntarily made, bidding him go on.

"The check, sir," said the gipsey. "Draw me the bill for five hundred pounds, and I will then go on."

Without a word further, Sir George drew a bill upon his banker for the amount specified, saying to the gipsey, as he exhibited the draft, honestly drawn and filled up:

"Now, sir, speak; and if you give me faithful intelligence, upon my honor, the draft and money shall be yours."

"Enough; I am satisfied. Now, Sir George, the girl that was tried before you to-day, charged with theft, is thy daughter!"

"My God!" exclaimed the agitated parent, scarcely able to contain himself; "bring her to me at once."

"Stay, sir," continued the gipsey. "First let me explain to you my own agency in the affair."

"No matter, no matter—I forgive you. Bring me my child!"

"But I ask no forgiveness; first let me explain. I learned this secret in a distant land, from a man who had been paid to destroy your child, but who, taking a fancy to her, preferred to save her life, and adopted her. When I learned this from him, he was on his death bed. I promised him to bring her to you. I have done so, and now only demand payment for my expenses."

Saying which, he coolly placed the draft in his pocket, saying that the girl should be sent at once to her father.

Part of the gipsey's story was true. He, who had stolen Louise from her home, was dead. The present leader of the tribe did not come to Sir George, however, until he ascertained that Renwood was deceased, and that nothing was to be made by keeping the secret. So had he in part spoken truly.

At the expiration of an hour, during which Sir George could hardly conquer his impatience, Minnitti, the lovely danseuse, entered the justice's apartment, and was at once clasped in his arms, with barely a word, that told her all.

"O, Heaven!" said the father, while he alternately pressed her to his heart, and held her from him, that he might see more clearly her womanly perfections, "I thank thee for at last returning her to me, so beautiful, so gentle, so loving—ay, and so pure; there can be no guile or deceit in that face."

And Sir George was almost beside himself with joy and delight.

"Louise," said he, the tears streaming from his eyes, "dear, dear Louise!"

"I do remember that name," said she, musing. "It comes over me like a dream, long, long forgotten!"

"Ah, my child," said Sir George, "nothing on earth shall again separate us from each other!"

"But father—dear father," said Louise, bewildered and over-happy, "will you release Fernando?"

"Ay, at once! The brave fellow who would have saved thee at the expense of his own liberty, shall be suitably rewarded."

As he spoke, he wrote an order for his immediate release, which was despatched forthwith by a servant, with directions to bring the gipsey to Sir George's apartment. In the meantime, Louise's early history was crowded upon her astonished ears, almost in a single breath, while Sir George wondered that he had not at first discovered the likeness of Louise to her mother, which was now so apparent at a glance. Rarely is there such a quantum of joy crowded into one single hour, as filled the one we have cited. It was no longer mere time, but swift-winged seconds.

Fernando came at last, little dreaming of the denouement that was awaiting him. He was surprised to find Minnitti in the company of Sir George, and at once rightly conjectured that his release was owing to her intercession; but his astonishment was beyond description when the true position of the matter was explained to him. Suddenly he became sad, and a tear even trembled in his handsome eye, when the justice asked:

"What grieves you, my friend?"

"To realize, sir, that Minnitti's finding a father must be the cause of our separation."

"How so, sir?"

"Would one of your blood and standing in the world, marry a child to one of the proscribed race?"

"Ay," said the justice, "Louise should be yours if you were the—the—I wont exactly say what, after the proofs of affection you have shown her. Why, she tells me that for a year, ever since you first joined the band in Spain, you have been like a brother to her, having a care for all her wants, protecting her from insult and injury, in more than one instance, at the peril of your life. Here, sir," said Sir George, "the world may call me a fool if it chooses, but give me your hand, and yours, too, Louise. There," placing them together, "you have a father's blessing; may you be happy."

Fernando pressed the tearful girl to his breast, saying:

"Dear Louise, blessed be the power that overrules us all!"

"Dear Fernando, how happy we shall be now, with every opportunity for improvement. And all the fine things you have taught me, to read, to write, and everything, I can improve them all, and we will be very happy together; shall we not?"

"We will, indeed," replied Fernando. Then turning to the justice, he said: "The trial is passed, and now I, too, will speak. One year since, I made a vow, on quitting my studies, that I would seek a wife who should love me for myself alone. Being of noble birth—nay, start not, it is true—I assumed these rustic garments and determined to wear them until I found a heart, and proved it worthy of my love. I saw Louise as a gipsey. I loved her at once; yet I determined to keep my oath. I tested her affection in every reasonable way, and learned to love her for her purity of mind, as well as her extraordinary beauty of person; travelled with her, danced by her side, slept in the same camp, and when the time had nearly come for me to take my gipsey wife to my bosom, lo! I find her of gentle birth like myself, while each has truly proved the other's love."

"And such faithful love Heaven must surely bless," said the father, wiping the big tears away from his furrowed cheeks. "O, spare me from any further disclosures!" said Sir George, "lest I find the next shall awake me, and prove all this joy but a dream."

"It is too tangible for mere fancy," said Fernando, again embracing Louise, "for see, I hold thee, dearest, to my heart."

"God is great," said the justice, raising his hands to heaven; and while they knelt there, the gray-haired old man poured forth a prayer which was redolent of the overflowing of a heart filled with gratitude and joy.

Fernando de Cortez was indeed born of the blood-royal of Spain, and in this romantic way had he chosen himself a wife. We might make our tale more complete by adding to it, but still we could only show that happiness was the future lot of THE GIPSEY GIRL.

FAREWELL TO THE EAST.

Farewell to the gay gardens, the spicy bazaars (exclaims Bayard Taylor, on leaving the Orient), to the plash of fountains, and the gleam of golden-tipped minarets! Farewell to the perfect morns, the balmy twilights, the still heat of the blue noons, the splendor of moon and stars! Farewell to the glare of the white crags, the tawny wastes of dead sand, the valleys of oleander, the hills of myrtle and spices! Farewell to the bath, agent of purity and peace, and parent of delicious dreams—to the chibouque, whose fragrant fumes are breathed from the lips of patience and confinement—to the narghileh, crowned with that blessed plant that grows in the gardens of Shiraz, while a fountain more delightful than those of Samarcand bubbles in its crystal bosom!

Farewell to the red cap and slippers, to the big turban, the flowing trousers, and the gaudy shawl—to squatting on broad divans, and sipping black coffee in acorn cups—to grave faces and *salaam aleikoums*, and touching of the lips and forehead! Farewell to the evening meal in the tent door, to the couch on the friendly earth, to the yells of the muleteers, to the deliberate marchings of the plodding horse, and the endless rocking of the dromedary that knoweth his master!

Farewell, finally, to annoyance without anger, delay without vexation, indolence without ennui, endurance without fatigue, appetite without intemperance, enjoyment without pall!

HORRORS OF WAR.

What a fearful glimpse of the horrors of war do we get in this brief description of night in a Balaclava hospital: "A singular feature is the extent to which the patients rave. During the day little of this is heard, but when all is silent, and sleep has settled down upon the occupants of each ward and corridor, then rise at intervals upon the ear sounds which go straight to the heart of the listener. Now it is a wasted skeleton of a man who fancies himself in the trenches or on the blood-stained ridges of Inkermann valley, contending for dear life and the honor of his country. That ceases, and through the stillness comes the heavy moaning of another sufferer, at grips with death. By and by a patient in deep consumption, has a fit of coughing; and thus through the dreary hours the ear is arrested by expressions of suffering, which, heard in these huge establishments, have an awful significance."

A SIGHT OF A GREAT MAN.

Goethe, like many other celebrated men, was somewhat annoyed by the visits of strangers. A student once called at his house, and requested to see him. Goethe, contrary to his usual custom, consented to be seen; and, after the student had remained a short time in the antechamber, he appeared, and, without speaking, took a chair, and seated himself in the middle of the room. The student, far from being embarrassed by this unexpected proceeding, took a lighted wax candle in his hand, and walking round the poet, deliberately viewed him on all sides; then, setting down the candle, he drew out his purse, and taking from it a small piece of silver, put it on the table, and went away without speaking a word.—*Traveller.*

RAILROADS IN FRANCE.

Travellers through France, from Paris to Marseilles, were obliged only two or three years ago to perform part of the journey by diligence, and many have very lively recollections of the slow and tedious progress. The entire distance between the two cities is now easily passed by rail. The link between Lyons and Valence was opened three weeks ago—a distance of sixty-six miles. Calais and Marseilles, the English Channel and the Mediterranean, are now connected by railroad.—*Railroad Journal.*

Imitations please, not because they are mistaken for realities; but because they bring realities to mind.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOME.

BY SARAH KINCAID.

Home! 'tis the spot to which our spirit turns,
No matter where we are, or how appears
The scene through which we move when gay and bright,
As well as when our path is "traced in tears."

No sunny clime with all its charms can o'er
Win our heart's love from our dear native home;
Wild were the hills, and lonely were the glens,
Where, in our childhood's years, we loved to roam.

'Neath the clear skies, in this fair southern land,
Where nature o'er appears in mildest guise,
We pine for home—home near the mountain stream,
Where the wild flowers grow on the precipice.

The zephyrs lightly play, the rivers flow
So slowly, placidly on to the sea—
But O, to be again where the free winds
And rushing waters make wild melody.

The balmy fragrance of the southern air
Throws a soft languor o'er the south's sweet child—
Unlike the bounding life and joyous glee
Found in the native of the northern wild.

We'll seek the hills once more—perhaps again
May come the spirit of our childhood's day.
Farewell, ye fairy scenes, ye pensive shades,
Where fountains murmur, and soft zephyrs play!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE ROBBER BARON.

BY PHILIP LEE, JR.

THERE was not a maiden in all Calabria fairer than the beauteous daughter of old Herr Von Arnheim. For, being brought up from infancy in the free air of the forest, she possessed all those natural graces which are so fascinating when unrestrained by the formalities of fashion. Her father was a tenant on the manor lands of the young baron, Lord Eldred de Gottingen. The fair Lizetta possessed a buoyant spirit, which threw a gleam of happy joyousness around her father's humble cottage. She had never known a mother's maternal love, for she had died when her daughter was but a few days old, leaving her babe in the care of her husband. Though he was a rugged mountaineer, yet he possessed a father's feelings, and he loved his daughter tenderly. And no wish of hers remained ungratified which came within the scope of his humble means. Hitherto her life had been one unobstructed stream of happiness; and her love for young Lorando Ruric was soon to be consummated in marriage. But she was loved by the Lord Eldred, who had seen her one day in the forest, in one of his hunting excursions, and from that day he resolved to win her, by fair means or foul. With the intention of winning her regard, he had often contrived to meet her during her rambles in the forest; for she had an inquiring mind after knowledge, and enthusiastically appreciated the beauties and sublimities of nature spread out everywhere before her view. When they had met, she had always repulsed his address courteously yet firmly. During one of these rambles she was disturbed in her contemplation of the majestic grandeur of the scenery around her by a figure which emerged from among the trees and confronted her. One glance sufficed to show her the form of Lord Eldred. She would have fled homeward, but he laid one hand on her arm and held her fast.

"Ah, my pretty bird, have I got you at last, though much you have tried to elude my vigilance. I now desire to know my fate from your fair lips."

"Unhand me, sir!" cried the maiden, at the same time struggling vehemently to free herself from his grasp. "By what right do you treat an unprotected maiden in this manner?"

"By what right? Ho, my pretty one, by the right any one would another when their love is repulsed. But I have the happy announcement to make, that you are to become my wife."

"Me your wife!" cried the maiden, looking at him in alarm. "You dare not do it. Unhand me, sir, or I will cry for help."

"Your cries here will be of no avail. The forest will only return the echoes of your voice, in mockery to your appeals for help. And as to your becoming my wife, we will see what effect a confinement in the lowest dungeons of my castle will have on your decision. And you need not think that Lorantio Ruric will come to your rescue, for he but yesterday fell on the battle-field."

Having given this consoling information, he placed a bugle to his lips and blew a long, shrill blast. This was quickly answered at a distance in a similar manner; and in a short time a party of armed retainers issued from the mazes of the forest and stood in waiting for the commands of their chief.

"Here, Beppo," cried Lord Eldred, addressing one who looked as if he commanded the party by his air of authority, and withal a villanous looking personage, "take this refractory bird to the castle, and put her in the lowest dungeon of the prison, and have her strictly guarded until I order otherwise."

"Ah, ah. I'll do it with a right good will," answered the worthy personage mentioned above. "And if she escapes, my head may answer for the consequences."

"Never mind your head," said the baron, "for I guess it's of no consequence; but do as I bid you."

The band then, at a sign from Beppo, seized Lizetta, and, in spite of her shrieks and entreaties, bound and gagged her, and then moved silently off towards the castle.

From the incidents already recorded, the reader will probably conclude that the character of Lord Eldred was not wholly unstained by those vices which were so prevalent in the times of which we write. And in such surmises he will be correct. For, from his earliest boyhood, he had followed unrestrained the bent of his own inclinations, unchecked by the dictates of reason or prudence; consequently, he grew up with an obstinate or headstrong will. Therefore, in his love for Lizetta, he was not to be foiled by her refusal, even if he had to resort to stringent, if not more dishonorable, means.

But to return to the maiden. When the cavalcade arrived at the castle gate, at the sound of the horn the portcullis was lowered, and the whole party was soon within the castle yard. A few minutes only elapsed, and then she was conducted to a low, damp dungeon, in the left wing of the castle, where she was left to her own reflections, and they were not of the most comfortable nature, as she pondered over her future prospects. She was now in the power of a man whom she loathed as the reptiles which crawl upon the earth. But she resolved to die rather than submit to any of his propositions. And then the death of her lover. Could she believe it? and yet it was probable, for the war had lately become more sanguinary in its character than at first. She also thought of her father, how, if he knew of her retreat, he would fly to her rescue, or die in the attempt. But, alas! no one friendly to her knew of her retreat. She was surrounded by the retainers of Lord Eldred, who were ready to execute his commands, no matter what they might be.

A person now came in with some refreshment, and informed her that the baron would visit her on the morrow. She made no reply, but only gave the attendant a despairing look. The door then closed, the key grated harshly in the lock, and she was once more left alone.

Slowly the hours wore on, and not a sound broke the stillness save the measured tread of the sentinel, as he paced up and down the dull corridor. But at last the castle clock tolled the hour of one. The moon had risen in unclouded splendor. The tread of the sentinel had died away, sleep having obtained the predominance over vigilance; and universal stillness reigned throughout that vast pile. Lizetta still sat in the same position she had assumed on her first entering the cell, with her eyes fixed despairingly on the walls of her prison-house. Suddenly a ray of light entered a crevice in the wall, and fell on the floor at her feet. She started up, and gazed through the interstice. As she gazed a sudden idea seemed to strike her, and so overcome was she with the suddenness of the thought, that she sank down on the floor and covered her face with her hands. She remained in that position for some minutes, and when she at last arose to her feet, she was calm and her face wore a look of fixed determination to effect a purpose which had so suddenly crossed her mind. It was no less than a hope of effecting her escape which had animated her to action. That part of the castle in which the cell was situated was in a great state of dilapidation, and as Lizetta approached the wall through which the light entered, she with joy beheld a great part of it ready to crumble down at the slightest touch. She listened awhile, but no sound broke the solemn stillness which prevailed. She then cautiously approached the tottering mass, and gave it a slight push, when a portion fell with a noise that reverberated through the dim corridors with fearful distinctness. However, the noise did not appear to have disturbed any one, so she proceeded, but with great caution, as there were obstacles still to be encountered which seemed almost insurmountable; but, by dint of great perseverence, she got over the wall. But even now her prospect of escape seemed hopeless, for, though she was now in the open air, the way was thickly strewed with broken columns and large stones, while the thorns and briers grew in rank profusion around. But delay was dangerous; for the noise of the falling wall had waked the drowsy sentinel, who, after listening for some moments, concluded to enter the cell to see what was the matter. But he opened his eyes with astonishment, when he perceived that the bird had flown.

But to return again to the fair prisoner. After emerging from the wall, she hurried on as fast as difficulties would permit. For the castle was now thoroughly aroused; lights were flashing on the walls, the culverin was belching forth its hoarse notes, and the castle bell sent forth its deep-toned notes of alarm. Lizetta had now entered the forest shades, and soon after entering, she suddenly came to an opening in which the moonbeams shone with the softest radiance.

And here, to give the reader a better idea of the locality, we will briefly describe it. It was the ruins of one of those large castles which the barons erected during the prevalence of the feudal system, and behind whose frowning battlements they had sometimes even opposed the power of their sovereign. The owner of this once impregnable castle had fought and died in the Holy Land during the Crusades. From that time the castle had sunk into ruins, and, among the peasantry around it, had the reputation of being haunted. And many were the stories told of dark forms having been seen moving up its dark corridors, and shrieks and groans being heard from its walls. But, perhaps, the beaming of the moon from under a cloud, or the wind howling through its dim aisles, might have offered a solution of its mysterious character. But the superstitions of that age were deeply rooted, and no explanation would have been accepted, as the marvellous was loved for its very fearfulness. There were, however, a few, who, being more intelligent, were not so superstitious as the mass. And among them was our heroine, who approached the ruins without any fear, though she could not restrain a feeling of awe, as she contemplated the majestic grandeur of a sight so imposing, gilded as it was with the moonbeams lighting up its old gray columns and crumbling terraces with a flood of soft light. But the danger behind her was increasing. She could hear the clear notes of the bugle ringing out on the clear night air. She could hear the portcullis come down with a crash, and the clatter of horses' hoofs thundering over the stone pavement, as they dashed out in pursuit of the fugitive. All these came with fearful distinctness to her ears. How was she to evade pursuit? The night air blew with biting keenness, and she had endured hardships in effecting her escape which her frame would have sunk under on ordinary occasions. Besides, she knew not in what part of the forest she was, for, though she had often heard of the old haunted castle, she knew not its exact location.

She was just on the point of giving up in despair, when she saw a figure moving among the ruins, and which riveted her attention, for it was coming directly towards her. But, as it came forward, a sudden tremor came over her, for she recognized the form of her lover. The thought flashed quickly through her mind: could he have risen from the grave? For she did not suspect that Lord Eldred had deceived her. The hardships of the night, combined with the emotions she now felt, were too much for her weakened frame; she sunk into a swoon.

When she came to a consciousness of her situation, she was held in the arms of her lover, who appeared to be bona fide flesh and blood, and he was gazing down intently on her face.

"O, dear Lorando!" she exclaimed, "this is a happy, happy moment; for I have been persecuted since your absence until I was weary of life. O, how glad I am you have returned!"

And the maiden wept from very happiness.

"But, my dear Lizetta," said her lover, "how, in the name of all that's wonderful, did you come in this situation?"

"Why, the Baron Eldred sought to force me to become his wife, and I but a short time since escaped from his dungeon. But were you not severely wounded on the battle-field, for the baron told me that you were killed?"

"Did he tell you that? Ha! ha! the perfidious wretch! But be not alarmed for my safety, for I received only a slight wound on the arm."

"O, let us fly from hence!" cried the maiden, as the trampling of horses' feet were heard not far off. "For the minions of the baron are already on my track."

"Then, by the holy cross," exclaimed the youth, energetically, "I will meet him, and chastise him for his insolence."

Saying this, the young officer (for he had received a high post in the army about two weeks previous) placed a small hand-trumpet to his lips, and blew a low but shrill note.

In a moment, as if by magic, a large number of soldiers, in the imperial uniform, came out from behind the old ivy-covered pillars, and approached them.

"Be not surprised," said the youth, as he noticed the bewildered look of the maiden, "for I have lately received an appointment in the army. And I was sent to these old ruins to-night, with my regiment, to surprise a band of banditti, who are supposed to have their rendezvous within its old walls. And I have obtained indubitable evidence of the Baron Lord Eldred de Gottingen being the leader of this terrible band, which has so long infested this forest, and been a terror to travellers in these parts."

He then conducted the maiden within the shade of a large pillar, at some distance off, where she would be safe from harm during the expected conflict. He then returned to his men, in order to place them in an advantageous position for the approaching combat, which he did by dividing them in two parties, and placing one on either side of the road.

Hardly had the preparations been hastily executed, when the party appeared in sight, at a short distance off, coming at a moderate pace; for the broken columns and walls, together with the brambles and thorns which grew thickly about, presented a strong impediment to their faster progression. As they proceeded, every hedge and projecting column was searched. But when they caught sight of the soldiers, drawn up in such formidable array to receive them, they all drew rein, as if by common consent. The baron, who rode in front, turned pale with a guilty consciousness that his schemes, whatever they may have been, were discovered. But his confusion was but momentary, for, turning to his men, he gave a few orders in a low tone; when the whole party wheeled around, and started off from the place.

But this was only a feint of the baron's to divert the attention of his antagonists, so as to set them in pursuit, and then suddenly charge on them. But in this he was disappointed, for they remained unmoved, no doubt suspecting his design. Seeing the scheme frustrated, they wheeled around, and charged with terrific force. But the disciplined soldiers received them with undaunted bravery, and many a horse, bounding riderless away, testified to their prowess.

For an hour the fearful drama lasted, and when at last the retainers of the baron, or, more properly, the robbers, were subdued, the sun had arose, throwing its beams over the scene of combat. Those who were not killed were securely bound. Among the latter was the baron, who was not taken without a stout resistance, and many imprecations against the leader of his captors. But they were of no avail; so the whole party started off with their prisoners towards the city, where their quarters were.

Lizetta was mounted on one of the horses, for her lover resolved to take her to the city with him, the more effectually to protect her from danger, her father's house being a long distance off in the opposite direction.

The trial of the baron and his men was soon in progression, when overwhelming evidence appeared, showing that he had been the leader of a band of robbers for several years. He was, consequently, sentenced to death, and a day was appointed for his execution. Previous to his execution, he made an attempt to escape, but was foiled in his design. Soon after, the remnant of his band, comprising those who were not in the melee recorded above, formed a desperate design of attempting his rescue, even on the scaffold. They were a band of reckless, daring marauders, whose delight was in danger and bloodshed, and they had a desperate purpose to effect.

The morning appointed for the execution dawned, and at an early hour thousands came pouring in. The martial tread of the soldiers, the gilded trappings and gay caparisons of the steeds, and the waving of casques and plumes, gave the scene a feature of strange and thrilling interest. Scattered among the groups who surrounded the scaffold, were a party of men dressed in the habiliments of peasants of the interior, who would hardly have been noticed from the mass who surrounded them. But a keener scrutiny would have seen that they took more than a common interest in the scene. As the time drew near, they came in a body to the foot of the scaffold. Just then the clarions announced the approach of the procession. As the headsman and prisoner ascended the block, a shout burst from the multitude. The peasants threw off their outside garments, and disclosed a band of ferocious-looking men, armed to the teeth, who rushed on the soldiers, and a desperate conflict ensued. One robber, more gigantic than the rest, rushed on the scaffold, and bore the robber-baron off in his arms. The robbers fought with the bravery of despair, but were all killed or wounded to a man. The baron was recaptured, and again conveyed to the block. Then came the whizzing of the axe through the air, a rush of dark blood on the scaffold, and the robber-baron was no more.

Lorando Ruric received the badge of knighthood, and when the war was ended, received a reward from the emperor for his services, besides the honor and esteem of the people. He was soon married to his beloved Lizetta, and they retired to a spacious mansion on the banks of the Lech, where her father lived with them. Here, in rural occupations, their lives passed in quiet happiness.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

CURING A JOKER.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

NOT a thousand miles from where I live dwelt a man named Sam Peabody—or at least, so I shall call him—for he is a good man now, and might not like to have the evil deeds of his youth made known among strangers. Sam was an inveterate joker—what is denominated a "practical joker," and though he never meant any real harm, yet he often caused much mischief by his pranks. On one occasion, when he had gone out at night enveloped in a white sheet to frighten some girls, he started to the roadside at the approach of a chaise, and frightened the horse so that the chaise was smashed up, and one of the occupants severely injured.

Sam had been talked with, and argued with, but to no purpose. He could not be made to see the wickedness of his pranks. Sometimes he would fasten lines across the sidewalk and thus trip up pedestrians; he would ring folks up in the night, and ask them if they had plenty of bedding. Once he called the doctor out at midnight to come and attend a man who had very bad fits. The good old doctor arose and followed Sam till they came to Adam Snip's little domicil, and here the joker called up the little bow-legged tailor, and the moment Snip poked his head out at the window, Sam cried: "There, doctor, is a man who makes the *worst fits* you ever saw!" and with this he ran away and left the doctor and tailor to settle the matter. This was serious business in one sense, but it set the whole town in a laugh, and Sam was delighted.

But Sam's last practical joke was near at hand. At the edge of the village lived a man named Jerry Smith. He was a stone worker by trade, and as strong as an ox. One evening Jerry's wife had been to see a neighbor, and in returning she had to pass over a place where the road was built along upon a sort of morass, with willow trees upon each side. When she entered her house she was pale and trembling, and sank into a chair almost out of breath.

"What's the matter?" asked her husband.

"I've been frightened," gasped the woman, as soon as she could command her speech.

"But how? Where?"

"Out by the willow trees. An ox, with great horns and fiery eyes, came out at us walking on his hind legs!"

"By thunder, it's Sam Peabody!" exclaimed Jerry. "He killed an ox this morning."

"I knew it was Sam as soon as I had time to think," returned the wife, "for his voice was plain; but I was so frightened at first that I liked to have fainted."

Jerry was angry. It did not suit his fancy to see a defenceless woman thus treated. He took his hat at once and went over to a small house on the opposite side of the street where lived his partner in business, another stout, iron-corded man, named George Tyler.

"Look here, Tyler," cried Jerry. "Sam Peabody is out in the willows, rigged up in his ox-skin, frightening poor women. Come with me, and we'll punish him."

Tyler hesitated not a moment, but taking his hat he followed Jerry over to the other house. In the first place Jerry took a fireboard, and with some marking paint he painted out a flaming placard, with letters large and distinct. Then he got some of his wife's dresses, and bade Tyler put one of them on. "For," said he, "if he sees two men coming he may run."

The dresses were thrown on after a fashion and pinned to the other clothing, and then the men donned each one a bonnet. They then procured a lot of stout cord, and taking the fireboard they sallied forth. As they approached the willows, they began to giggle and twitter in squeaking tones, and ere long the fearful nondescript made its appearance. With a low, deep bellowing it walked into the road, and stood directly in front of the two pedestrains.

"Oo-oo oo-oo!" bellowed Sam.

"Mercy!" screamed Jerry.

"Ah-oua-oo-oo!"

"Save me!" squeaked Tyler.

The ox-hide approached another step, and Jerry leaped forward and seized it, and on the next moment Tyler was by his side.

"Now, Mr. Peabody, I reckon you're safe," uttered Jerry, giving him a grip like a vice.

"Don't—don't!" cried Sam.

"Don't what?"

"Don't hurt me!"

"We wont hurt you if you keep quiet, but if you make any resistance you'll run the risk of getting your head broken."

Sam knew that it was Jerry Smith's wife whom he had frightened, and he knew that Jerry could handle him as a child. He begged and prayed, but to no purpose. The two stone-cutters backed up against one of the willows, and then proceeded to bind him to the trunk of the tree. They lashed his hands behind him, then lashed his ankles together, and then they bound him to the tree at the shoulders, waist, knees, and feet, and they did it securely, too. After this they took the fire-board and placed it against the tree above his head, securing it by nails which they had brought for that purpose.

"Mercy!" shrieked Sam, "you aren't a goin' to leave me here?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jerry, "You have had your share of joking long enough, and now we'll have ours. I would rather had you tie my wife as you are tied than to have had her frightened as you came near frightening her. Mind you, Sam, we only mean this for a joke."

And with this, the two men went away, taking no heed of the joker's cries and protestations. But they did not go far away until they were sure there would be no more passing on that road for the night.

On the following morning, Jerry set the news a going of Sam's present situation, and in half an hour after sunrise, a hundred people were collected around the willow tree. There stood Sam just as he had been left the night before, shaking and shivering with cold. The ox-skin had been fixed so as to fit him nicely, and he did really look like an ox fastened up there. He had sewed up the hide so that his legs and arms fitted into the skin of the ox's legs, and his own head was where the original caput had been, while the horns arose majestically above the whole. Just above him appeared the broad fire-board, and it bore the following announcement, in characters which could be read with ease even at a great distance:

"*This is Sam Peabody, the great joker. And this is one of his own jokes in which he got trapped himself.*"

Jerry took down the board and let Sam read it, and then put it up again.

"Ha, ha, ha! *Vot* a joke," cried one.

"He came out here in that rig, to frighten poor women!" said Tyler.

"Sam, how's beef?"

"I say, Sam, can't you give us a *horn*?"

"What a long tail!"

"Who ever seed a hox vear boots afore?"

These, and like exclamations issued from the crowd, and all the while poor Sam was begging for some one to come and take him down.

"In the name of mercy," he groaned, "wont somebody let me go?"

"Can't think of it yet," returned Jerry Smith. "Your joke is too good to be lost. You must have taken a good deal of pains to make that dress fit so nicely, and I should think you'd want folks to see it."

"By jingo," screamed little Adam Snip, going close up to the victim, "you have a worse *fit* now than I ever had! Shan't I send for the doctor?"

At this the crowd laughed uproariously. They would have had pity for any one else in town, to have seen him in such a situation, but for Sam they had none, for they knew that for years he had been annoying all whom he could; and now, since he was caught in a trap of his own setting, they thought it best to punish him. At nine o'clock nearly all the inhabitants of the village were out there, and by this time Sam began to cry. Even Jerry was touched now, and going up to the victim, he said:

"Now, Sam, I'll let you down on one condition: Promise that you'll never attempt to perpetrate a practical joke again?"

"I never will."

"Of any kind or description. You'll never annoy a human being again, if you can help it?"

"Never—never. I never will, so help me God!"

So Jerry untied the cords, and in a few moments Sam was free. He was too stiff to run, and for a while he could walk but with difficulty. But Jerry gave him his arm and helped him to his own house, and there let him remain until the crowd had dispersed.

Towards noon Sam went home, and for over a month he stuck closely to his shop, never appearing in the street save when absolute necessity required it. He kept his promise faithfully, for to this day he has not attempted to perpetrate another of his practical jokes. And people love him now, for he is one of the jolliest old men in the country, and his presence is sure to dispel anything like the sulks or blues. And among all his stories, there is not one over which he laughs more merrily than over the one wherein is contained an account of that practical joke which was so summarily turned back upon himself.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DICKENS WORKS, in twelve paper-bound volumes, for fifty cents each, or in five volumes, cloth, full gilt back, for seven dollars fifty cents the entire set. Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

The above set comprises—besides a number of short stories never before published—Pickwick Papers, Old Curiosity Shop, Oliver Twist, Sketches by Boz, Barnaby Rudge, Nicholas Nickleby, Martin Chuzzlewit, David Copperfield, Dombey & Son, Christmas Stories, Bleak House, Hard Times, Lizzie Leigh, and Cricket on the Hearth. The books are strongly and handsomely bound, printed on good paper, and present that clear and neat appearance peculiar to the publications of Mr. Peterson. As no library is considered complete without the works of Dickens, our readers should improve this, their first opportunity, of securing a *uniform edition*.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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*** All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid*.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Phantom Friar," a story by AUGUSTUS J. H. DUGANNE.
"Plotting for a Wife," a tale by SYLVANUS COBB, JR.
"Katy's Husband," a story by EMILY R. FAGE.
"Woman's Love," a poem by LILY LEA.
"The Robin's Nest," verses by G. W. BUNGAY.
"Questions on Love," poem by FINLEY JOHNSON.
"Thoughts of Home," verses by J. C. GARDNER.
"Ada Gray," lines by LIZZIE LINTON
"Bitter and Sweet," stanzas by R. L. WEED.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"To Lizzie," "Serenade," "Lines to J. D. M.," "Our Lives," "Necrology," "A Cuban Legend," and "Where are they?"

THE GARDEN.

Man's first residence was a garden, and the forfeiture of that blessed domain was the first penalty of his ingratitude. Adam ought to have been happy. For him the earth spontaneously produced its fruits and flowers, and we presume his garden was free from those insect pests which often baffle the attempts of his descendants to produce a feeble image of the terrestrial. Probably no curculio destroyed his plums, and no rose bugs destroyed his specimens of the queen of flowers. His Porter and Northern Spy apples were doubtless safe from the canker-worm and borer. No wasps stung his nectarines—no *odium* blasted his grape-vines. Yes—happy had he been but for

> "the fruit
> Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
> Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
> With loss of Eden."

The luxurious nations of the east were adepts in the art of gardening, and among the refined and elegant ancients, flowers had a meaning and a name. The philosophy that flowed from the lips of Epicurus found at least as many auditors as that of his opponent, for the luxurious youth of Greece loved better to ramble in the garden than to linger in the portico. As time rolled on, gardening was as successfully pursued by the inhabitants of Europe as by those of Africa and Asia; the severe climates of northern regions were set at defiance by human skill, and artificial means rendered the soil of Russia, in certain seasons, as prolific as the most favored districts of the south. The vegetation of a Russian garden is a most surprising thing. You can almost see the flowers and trees grow. Nature makes a sudden leap from winter to summer—one week there is ice, the next the leaves are thick upon the trees, and the birds are twittering in the branches. At quite an early period gardening excited considerable interest in England. Lord Bacon wrote: "God Almighty first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks." Elsewhere he says: "And because the breath of flowers is farre sweeter in the aire (where it comes and goes like the warbling of musicke) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants which doe best perfume the aire."

Sages, warriors, statesmen, and poets, have delighted in gardening and gardens. Bolingbroke, Pope, the victorious Earl of Peterborough, Frederick the Great, Shenstone, John Evelyn, and Cowper, are names that will occur to the reader. Shakspeare must have been very fond of gardening, else would he never have written that fine passage about the "sweet south," or have placed Romeo in a garden to make love to Juliet. The flowers that modern skill and science have added to our garden stock, and climated even in the cold north, are almost innumerable, and yet of all these constellated earth-stars, is not the rose the queen? Roses have been used from time immemorial by poets and lovers as the emblems of female beauty, and as among the most worthy objects in nature to which fair ladies might be justly compared; and it is fortunate, for the credit of the complimentary system, that there is so great a variety. The dark African may, without falsehood, compare his dusky mate to the rose, since the "coal-black rose" is a noted as well as curious species of the flower. Ancient maidens, in the last stages of a "green and yellow melancholy," may be likened to the Chinese rose, the fading beauty to the white, and the buxom country damsel to the damask. A young Frenchman, having lost his affianced bride, carved with his own hands a rose upon her tomb-stone, and beneath it inscribed, "She was like this flower." Ovid, in describing daybreak, says:

> "While the proud Phaeton admires the work,
> Aurora, watchful in the glooming east,
> Unfolds the purple doors, and gives to view
> Halls filled with roses."

There ought to be a large public garden in every great city—not a mere wilderness of grass and shrubs, with here and there a straggling rose-bush or a clump of verbenas, but with parterres filled with the choicest as well as the humblest flowers—those "alphabets of angels." The moral influence of these mute teachers would be incalculable.

DELIGHTFUL.—A refreshing rain after a long drought. It maketh the heart of the farmer gladder than strong wine, and, being no mocker, leaveth no headache behind it.

NEW POEM.—John G. Saxe, Esq., is writing a poem on the "Press." He has been there, and can describe its peculiarities and felicities from experience.

RICH.—The rice crop is said to be poor in the South. Isn't this story told to produce a rise of prices?

THE GREAT PARIS EXHIBITION.

This splendid affair was opened punctually, according to the programme, with great ceremony; but it was really unfit to be shown to the public. It is just about this time in full blast. The correspondent of the Boston Post thus notices the interior:—"The whole of this space was ornamented with crimson draperies, edged with gold, and all the seats were covered with the same material. Tri-colored flags were arranged along the back and sides of the space, and above, in the centre, right over the throne, rose the imperial eagle. The inscription, 'Etats Unis,' was to be seen along the gallery in several places, just behind the throne, the compartments appropriated by our country being exactly opposite the grand entrance, as desirable a location as any in the building; on the right of the reserved space appeared the inscription, 'Angleterre,' and on the left, 'Belgique.' The vast expanse of roof was tastefully relieved by the flags of every nation, suspended at equal distances, and each bearing the name of the country to which space had been allotted near it. The effect was charming, and excited much admiration during the weary attendance. Throughout the building crimson velvet and gold are the materials of ornamentation principally employed; glass chandeliers were suspended in the galleries, and small banners were hung out in front of each compartment bearing the colors of the nation occupying it. All about the transept, also, are placed escutcheons bearing the names of different nations; the United States is seen five times, England ten, Belgium three, Austria four, and Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, Wurtemburg and Bavaria each once. Twenty-two of these shields bear the name of France in white, on a green ground. The color of the building is a pretty French grey, with some bright colors pleasingly mingled in a frieze of open work which surmounts the galleries. The windows on the stair-case landings are filled with stained glass sent in by exhibitors. The two stained windows at the extremity of the transept represent—one, France seated on a throne, appealing to foreign nations to come and visit her; two female figures, Art and Science, are seated at her feet, and two male figures, representing the East and the West, complete the allegory. The other contains allegorical figures, Equity, surrounded by several nations; on the right, England, India and China, on the left France, Italy and Austria."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL.

The next week's number completes the *eighth* volume of our illustrated paper, and those whose subscription expires at that time will bear in mind the necessity of renewing their subscriptions at once, in order to secure the work complete. We shall be prepared to bind up the numbers of the past volume as fast as brought in to us, and return the volume, elegantly and perfectly bound in full gilt, in one week, at the regular charge, as heretofore, of *one dollar*, supplying an illumined title page and complete index. We would suggest to our readers to turn over the back numbers of the present volume, and observe whether we have not fully kept our promise of improvement and liberality. The present is universally acknowledged, by all parties, to be far the most valuable volume of the paper yet published. The paper is finer, the illustrations more elegant and expensive, and the reading matter by the best American writers.

The Flag and Pictorial, it will be remembered, are furnished to one address for *four dollars* per annum.

SLANDER.—If the "School for Scandal" were enacted every night, in every city, town and hamlet in the world, we doubt whether it would put an end to the base habit of traducing and backbiting. It is bad enough for a poor, forlorn old female to spit out her venom at her neighbors, but of all the reptiles that crawl on the face of the earth, the male slanderer is the most loathsome, noisome and disgusting. We would compare him to the viper—if it were not doing that reptile injustice.

A FISH WORTH CATCHING.—The New Haven Palladium says that Mr. George W. Lamb, of Groton, Ct., recently caught in his fish weir a codfish weighing sixty-five pounds. In the stomach of the cod were found six smaller fish, six squids, and a complete cod-fishing gear, to which was attached a lead weighing ten and a quarter pounds!

A TRAVELLING SUITE.—Lord John Russell's suite, on his recent trip to Vienna, comprised himself, lady, and six children, seven friends and a doctor, the tutor and governess of the little Russells, and ten servants. At the hotel this snug little travelling party occupied thirty two rooms.

CLEAR GAIN!—While Mr. and Mrs. Dakin, of Portland, were at church, the police searched their house for liquor, but found none. When Mrs. D. returned, she missed twenty-six dollars from the pockets of one of her dresses. The legal adage, "our houses are our castles," is ruled out of the books now.

FLATTERING SUCCESS.—The first edition of our *Sportsman's Portfolio* is entirely exhausted, but another will be issued during the *present week*. Each one who encloses us twenty-five cents will receive a copy of this unique and elegantly-embellished work, by return of mail.

COURT ETIQUETTE.—It seems that Queen Victoria, on parting with Master Louis Napoleon, was obliged, by court etiquette, to kiss him on both cheeks. After this ceremony, and that of tying on his garter, we fancy the queen must feel proud and happy.

DELICATE FOOD.—Indians and hogs are very fond of locusts. As the seventeen years' locusts make their appearance this year, we suppose Indians and swine will be in good condition this fall.

SARATOGA.—The old Congress House has been refitted at an expense of $125,000.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Dr. G. W. F. Mellen spoke as usual at the Anti-Slavery Convention, on *habeas corpus*.

The Cambridge trotting-park has been sold in lots. Lots of fun have been enjoyed there.

Greenough's model of the Franklin statue has been accepted by the committee.

Hon. Charles Sumner is now making the tour of the "Great West" for the first time.

The Boston military were never in a higher state of efficiency than at present.

A man lately got a ducking by attempting to leap the draw on Sea Street bridge.

A missionary in Shanghai writes that he has got quite accustomed to the fighting.

The last words of Pianori were, "Long live the Republic!" He died game.

A Scotch shepherd lately found a bird's nest in the wool of a sheep.

The recent benefit to the veteran Wallack, at New York, yielded $3000.

Jerome N. Bonaparte lately left Baltimore for France, with his family.

Forty gallons of liquor, labelled "telegraph glasses," were lately seized by Portland officers.

Eighteen of the principal soakers of Montreal now sell for cash only.

The head of Greenough's Franklin is modelled from Houdon's bust and Duplasis's picture.

The Poles in Paris have congratulated the emperor on his late escape.

Gen. Pelissier, the successor of Canrobert, is a fine officer, and brave as steel.

The monthly expenses of the Italian troupe, in New York, were $25,000.

The gold consumed by jewellers and other manufacturers, amounts to $50,000,000, a year.

The sluggards are rejoicing at Dr. Hall's denunciation of early morning walks.

Mr. Fiske, of the Boston Theatre, goes to Kimball's Museum next season.

The queen of England has personally bestowed medals on the Crimean officers and soldiers.

Willis is a little *waspish* in one of his Idlewild letters. What an eye-dear!"

Twenty-two hundred loads of dirt is the daily yield of the New York sweepings.

The Ravel troupe at the Boston Theatre are attractive as they are everywhere.

THE LAST ON-DIT.

It is now currently reported, at Paris, that the attempted assassination of Louis Napoleon was all a sham, got up by Louis himself to save his waning popularity. The story goes that one of the police had orders to personate the assassin, that pistols loaded with blank charges were given, and that, after a due rehearsal of his part, he took his post and fired away. The believers in this version go on to say, that the desperate struggle between the police and the assassin was all a well-acted farce. Eugenie's tears, however, must have been real. In corroboration of this strange story, it is urged that Pianori's trial was secret—that no one but the initiated saw him after he was seized. But was the inocent agent in this fraud upon the public sympathy made to undergo the penalty of regicide? O, no! that would have been carrying the joke too far. He was sent out of harm's way, and a wax figure underwent decapitation of its head. If this tale concerned any other personage but Louis Napoleon, it would provoke only a smile of incredulity; but the antecedents of the emperor are awfully calculated to obtain it credence. The man who could base his hopes of obtaining the crown of France on the skilful performance of a tame eagle, taught to perch on his saddle at a given signal, must easily resort to a stage trick to strengthen himself in his present condition. We give the story for exactly what it is worth, having ourselves about as much faith in it as we do in the tale of Colt's being smuggled out of the New York prison, at the time of his supposed execution.

THE THREE BALLS.—This well-known sign of the pawnbrokers is said to have originated with three brothers, who, after roaming the world in search of fortune, came together again and conceived the plan of advancing money on personal security, and to indicate the number of persons in partnership, they adopted the device of three gilt balls. It is several centuries old. Many pawnbrokers now, however, discard the sign.

A NEW HEADING.—With some modifications and improvements, we shall, in number one of the new volume of the Pictorial, to commence July first, replace the old and favorite heading of our paper. It gives a better idea of Boston, the city from which our paper is issued, than the present one, and we replace it to comply with the express wish of many.

THE INEVITABLE VISITOR.—There is one visitor we can never shut out of our houses. The fashionable falsehood, "not at home," will not scare him from our doors. He *will* enter, though they be double locked. His name is—Death. Since there is no avoiding him, and no knowing when he may call, we should always be ready to receive him.

NEVER GIVE IT UP.—Ericsson still bravely adheres to his caloric engine invention. He is building another in New York of forty horse-power. A rich and generous New York merchant is aiding him in his adventure. May both of them reap a rich reward!

WHAT A PITY.—A good Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarn of a storekeeper as long as she was able, said to him: "Friend M——, what a pity that it is a sin to lie, when it is so necessary to thy business."

A RARE OLD GENT.—Mr. Charles Folger, of Nantucket, seventy-six years old, arrived at New Bedford, lately, from Nantucket, it being the first time he ever set foot upon the continent.

WESTERN MUD.—Bayard Taylor, writing from Illinois, speaking of the mud there when it rains, says it "draws off your overshoes as neatly as a boot-jack."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"My Maria." a tale by ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.
"Venice," a sketch by Rev. F. W. HOLLAND.
"The Star of the Harem," a story by MATURIN M. BALLOU.
"Loyalty or Love," a tale of the first families of Virginia, by REV. PERLEY POORE.
"Trust in God," lines by ESTHER B. STRATTON.
"The Brave Commodore," a poem.
"Life's Lessons," verses by Mrs. A. D. BAILEY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give another of our State scenes, being a representation of the armorial bearings of The Old Dominion.
View of the city of Leiros, Portugal.
Representation of Nether Tabley, Cheshire, England.
View of Boulogne, from the banks of the Liane.
A picture of Fountain's Abbey, the Burial-Place of Robin Hood.
Representation of a Domestic Party in 1776.
Representation of a Domestic Party in 1856.
View of Alger's Iron Foundry, South Boston, and a representation of the mode of casting cannon.
A fine engraving of Hennessy & Co.'s new Auction Store, Winter Street, Boston.
A picture representing The Three Napoleons—The Great Emperor, The Duke de Reichstadt, and Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of France.
View of the new Steam Screw Tenders, of the Royal English Navy.
A picture of Antioch, the ancient capital of Syria.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

Twenty-six battalions of Finlanders have been organized at Helsingfors, by order of the Czar.

Abdel-Kader has applied to the French Government for permission to visit Paris, to see the Great Exhibition.

The King of Prussia has presented to the library of Trinity College, Dublin, a number of splendid architectural works.

Provisions and board have risen in Paris fifty per cent. The government are planning some restriction upon the prices.

In the north-eastern gallery of the Paris Exhibition is an enormous picture representing a group of birds, with landscape for background—all worked in hair!

A letter from Rome states that the golden rose, which the Pope blesses every year, and presents to some female sovereign, is this year to be given to the Empress of Austria.

A speculative merchant in the sutler's camp before Sebastopol, has sent to England for a large quantity of Wenham Lake ice, and untold numbers of ginger-beer and soda-water.

The Countess Rossi, daughter of the lamented Sontag, recently assisted in the performance of Rossini's Stabat Mater at Vienna, in company with other amateurs of the nobility.

The Crimean correspondent of the London Morning Post states that the object of the allies in bombarding Sebastopol was not so much to damage the works, as to demolish the guns, and then to march a party to fill the ditch in front of the town. What a joke!

Goodyear, the India rubber man, has lately gained a suit in Paris against two French manufacturers, and has been authorized to post in the streets 500 placards, reporting the trial, and to print it in six newspapers, the defendants paying the expenses, besides a fine of 1000 francs.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Nothing is more silly than an ill-timed laugh.

A tale out of season, is like music in the morning.

We open the hearts of others when we open our own.

Man is a being of justice—woman an angel of mercy.

A merit that is worthy of praise, may be spoiled by praises.

Good nature is a glow worm that sheds light even in the darkest places.

The heart-strings will snap, just like harp-strings, from excess of cold and neglect.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more—encouragement after censure is as the sun after a shower.

There is a manner of forgiveness so divine that you are ready to embrace the offender for having called it forth.

The mere wants of nature, even when nature is refined by education, are few and simple; but the wants of pride and self-love are insatiable.

A picture of any other work of art is worth nothing except in so far as it has emanated from mind. It should, indeed, be *read* like a book.

It is an easier task to dig metal out of its native mine, than to get it out of the covetous man's coffer. Death, only, has the key of the miser's chest.

It often happens that the best persons in a community are most virulently assailed by scribblers, as boys will throw stones at the best apples on the trees.

Joker's Budget.

How to make a clean sweep. Wash him.

When an editor undertakes to write down his neighbor, he had better take care he does not go *right* down himself.

Kindnesses are stowed away in the heart like bags of lavender in a drawer, and sweeten every object around them!

A cockney being told the Megatherium was a great sloth that ate trees, said he was himself uncommon fond of an 'ash.

A man's chief consideration, when about "to pop the question," is not so much what he feels as what he shall say.

Man has generally the best of everything in this world—for instance, in the morning he has nothing but the newspaper to trouble his head with, whereas poor woman has her curl papers.

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Be jabers, I had a brother," said Pat, "that went to Botany Bay, and faith, I know it was greatly against his own will."

It is difficult to account for the association, but it would seem from the Handbook of Proverbs, just published, that there are more proverbs on "women" and "cats" than upon any other subject.

In the good old days of Queen Bess, an unassailed author was nobody. Literary attacks were the penalty paid for prosperity. Even at the present time, where there is no *praise* there is no *censure*.

A newsboy said that he had quit selling papers, and gone into the mesmerising business. "I get five dollars a week for playing," said he. "Playing what?" asked his comrades. "Why, possum, to be sure," replied the boy.

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity." "Thank you, sir."

Quill and Scissors.

There have been received at the Patent Office several bushels of forty days' maize, or Indian corn, from the south of Spain, reported to ripen in six weeks after planting. It is designed to be distributed for experiment in the higher latitudes of the United States, as well as on the elevated districts of the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains.

The business at the Niagara suspension bridge is immense. The goods passing over it for the month ending on the 5th of May, were valued by custom rules at ten millions of dollars! Forty five trains of cars for passengers and freight arrive at the bridge daily upon the different roads.

There are forty locomotive shops in the United States, ten of which are west of the Alleghanies. These works are capable of producing twelve hundred locomotives per annum. About four hundred engines are required yearly to replace the depreciation of existing ones.

Among the forty or fifty Episcopal clergymen who were assembled at the recent consecration of St. Thomas's Church, New Haven, one was a lineal descendant of the first Puritan minister of New Haven, and another was a lineal descendant of one of his leading elders.

The Charleston papers announce the death of Dr. C. S. King, who expired in April, at Kertch, in Russia, where he had been lately stationed as a member of the medical staff attached to the Russian army of defence in the Crimea. He was twenty-four years of age.

It is stated that three or four thousand hogs have lately been slaughtered in Greencastle, Indiana, for the use of the army in the Crimea. Contracts for thirty thousand head for the same purpose have been made with different parties throughout the State.

Pennsylvania now produces as much iron as was manufactured in all Great Britain thirty years ago; as much as the present manufacture in France; more than Russia and Sweden united; and more than that of all Germany.

A descendant of Oliver Cromwell is now a clergyman of the Church of England in Canada; while the last lineal male descendant of Martin Luther was a few years ago received back into the Romish communion.

A line of steamers from New York to Hamburg, via England, Antwerp and Bremen, is contemplated. It is to run once a month, at rates much cheaper for passengers than the usual steamers.

A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing from Aspinwall, says that musquitoes, sand-flies, rotten eggs, salt pork, and perspiration, are the leading items of the day at that place.

It is stated that the government embargo on Mademoiselle Rachel has been withdrawn, and that she will forthwith prepare for her trip to this country. She is expected early in the autumn.

A gentleman in New York, who lends money for a living, is in the habit of visiting the fashionable gambling saloons in disguise, where he "spots" those who apply to him for credit.

The officers of the board of health of Philadelphia recently seized eighteen milch cows that were penned up in unwholesome quarters and fed upon distillery slops.

Mr. George Holt, an attache of the post-office at Napoleon, Arkansas, has been arrested, charged with abstracting $1800, at different times, from letters in that office.

A lump of silver from Lake Superior, weighing ninety-six pounds, and warranted to be seventy-five per cent. pure metal, has been received at Detroit. It is mixed with copper.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Blake, Mrs. John Brougham, and Mrs. Cramer, at Wallack's, in New York, weigh the aggregate avoirdupois of 1000 pounds!

An English gentleman is now in this country, busily engaged in collecting American military publications.

The New Jersey Natural History Society has appointed a committee to consider the feasibility of stocking the rivers with salmon.

The Rochester Common Council have passed an ordinance providing that bread shall hereafter be sold at a certain rate per pound.

Two brothers, named Linderman, were suffocated by the gas from the coal, in a canal boat lying at the wharf, at Mauch Chunk, Pa.

The Governor of Canada has approved the bill to abolish postage on newspapers.

The letter-stamp system is being introduced throughout Canada.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Shepard M. Robinson to Miss Melissa D. Hough.
By Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Horace N. Loveland to Miss Anna S. White.
By Rev. Mr. Cushman, Mr. George B. Newell, of Waltham, to Miss Mary A. May, of Boston.
By Rev. Mr. Fox, Mr. Gustavus Parker, of Plympton, to Miss Harriet Nye, of Sandwich.
At South Boston, by Rev. Mr. Damon, Mr. J. Lewis Damon to Miss Laura T. Phillips, both of Lynn.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, Mr. L. Patterson to Miss Emily Fernald, of Orrono, N. H.
At East Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Holland, Mr. Benjamin V. Coburn to Mrs. Mary J. Lancaster.
At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Thompson, Mr. Joseph Henfield to Miss Sarah, daughter of Hon. B. F. Browne.
At Scituate, by Rev. Mr. Barrett, Mr. Charles W. Soule, of Abington, to Miss Annie E. Mason.
At Easton, by Rev. Mr. Sheldon, Hon. O. W. Fullerton to Miss Angeline Reynolds, of North Bridgewater.
At Pittsfield, by Rev. Mr. Parvin, Mr. John T. Wareham, of Baltimore, to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Mead.
At Meriden, Ct., by Rev. Mr. Gallagher, Mr. F. S. Pelton to Miss Leona A., daughter of the officiating clergyman.
At Amherst, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. James W. Towne, of San Francisco, to Miss Cynthia Gowing.
At Bangor, Me., by Rev. Mr. Caldwell, Col. Charles W. Adams to Miss Annie T. McGaw.
At Rockford, Ill., May 23, by Rev. W. F. Stewart, Mr. J. Cheston Whitney to Miss Laura A. F. Otis, all of Ill.
At Mobile, Ala., May 22, by Rev. Mr. Lecock, George F. Reynolds, Esq., to Miss Mary F. Fallon, of Boston.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. H. Gates Hutchings, 19; Mrs. Elizabeth Hayward, 64; Mr. Lawrence Stone, 27; Mr. James B. Higginson, 46; Mr. Thomas H. G. Hapford, 31; Mr. Jos. M. Carr, 29; Mrs. Fannie Elizabeth Hutchinson, 37; Mr. Abiel Shattuck, formerly of Pepperell, Mass.; Mrs. Elizabeth A. Simson, 28; Capt. John Smith, 74; Miss Adeline B. Cushman, 18; Mr. Thomas Reed, 80.
At East Boston, Mrs. Lucretia Hodgdon, 48.
At South Boston, Miss Elisabeth Ann Wilson, 24.
At Charlestown, May 25, Elmira C., wife of Mr. Peter Holmes, 47 years, formerly of Kingston; Chester Adams, Esq., 76; Mr. Elliphalet Vaughn, 46.
At Cambridgeport, Mr. Benjamin L. Whitney, 48.
At Dorchester, Mrs. Susannah Clapp, 76.
At Medford, Mr. Kendall Parker, 18.
At Milton, Elder John Rand, 73.
At West Dedham, Mrs. Angeline S. Roberts, 35.
At Watertown, Mrs. Catharine H. Jackson, 30.
At Walpole, Mr. Ebenezer Hartshorn, 77. Western and southern papers please copy.
At Salem, Mrs. Mary Jane Boswell, 29.
At Marblehead, Capt. John Gidder, 57.
At Lowell, Mrs. Harriet N. Gates, 37.
At Fitchburg, Mrs. Elizabeth Hudson, 61.
At Somerset, Mrs. Harriet Sheridan, 84.
At Kingston, Mrs. Elizabeth Homes, of Charlestown, 82.
At Worcester, Mrs. Fanny Wellington, 55.
At Providence, R. I., Mrs. Amelia Ames Walcott.
At Enfield, Ct., Mr. John Olmstead, 90. He had been a subscriber to the Hartford Courant nearly 70 years.
At New York, Rev. Nehemiah U. Tompkins, 80.
At Sacramento, Cal., Mr. Oliver Burns, of Boston, 45.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

GIVE ME SWEET MUSIC.

BY P. D. WILKINS.

Give me sweet music, for there is a spell
Of magic power in the melodious strain,
Whose soft-toned accents still so gently swell,
And find an answer in the heart again,
Like to some flower which casts its breath around,
While all who breathe its air remain spell bound.

Give me sweet music—when the heart is sad,
When sorrow fans us with her raven wing,
It comes to make the weary spirit glad,
Relief and comfort to the heart to bring:
To chase away the clouds of care and fear,
And charm the hours when its sweet strain we hear.

Give me sweet music—when in pleasure's throng
We mingle in the festive concourse gay,
Then let me hear the swelling tide of song,
That makes old Time fly swifter still away—
It lends a rapture to the hours of night,
And makes the forms of beauty seem more bright.

Give me sweet music—when I seek to sleep,
Let its soft strains persuade the heart to rest;
While guardian spirits watch around me keep,
My mind will stray to Fancy's regions blest—
While still in its imaginings it seems
To hear the voice of angels in its dreams.

Give me sweet music ever as I stray
With lagging footsteps down the course of life;
Let it illume the darkness of my way,
And cheer me through each varied scene of strife:
A gentle balm the wearied heart to please,
To soothe in grief, and charm my hours of ease.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WILD KATE.

BY EVA CARROLL.

"Little elf-child! What shall we do with her?"

This Mrs. Willard asked of her husband, with a look of real anxiety on her face. Mr. Willard continued to puff his cigar, and leisurely tipped back his chair, and lifted his feet to the railing of the piazza, while he eyed, with a smile, the strange and fantastic performances of a little girl, who was flitting about on the lawn, now rolling over and over in the long grass, now dancing away with odd gestures, and now, to her mother's horror, actually climbing the great elm which overshadowed the piazza, and swinging to and fro on its high branches, all the time singing, or shouting, in the highest glee imaginable.

"What shall we do with her?" repeated Mr. Willard. "Let her alone. She is acting out her nature. Kate was never born to be such a saint as you are."

"But if her natural inclination is wrong, ought we not to check it?"

"Bah! she is not wicked, she is only roguish. Let her act as she pleases. I like to see her raise the very old Nick!"

"Yes, you like it very much when it does not come in your way. Don't you remember how angry you were, and how severely you lectured her, when she threw your inkstand into the well, and several of your unanswered letters with it?"

"And what good did my lecture do her?" said Mr. Willard, laughing. "Didn't she, within half an hour, send down a box of pens to keep company with the ink? No, Mary; scolding will never tame that child."

"Poor girl!" sighed the mother, "I am afraid she has a hard lesson in store for her. But *I* shall *try* to correct her while she is young."

"I'd like to see you do it," said her husband. "But, I tell you, Kate is no common child, and the common way of governing children would spoil her. Let her alone. Experience will teach her more than you or I can ever do."

"See her now on that high branch!" exclaimed Mrs. Willard.

"*That* must be stopped," said Mr. Willard. "Kate, come down, instantly!" he cried, sternly. "That limb is not strong enough to hold you. Come down!"

"Mother, may I jump?" said she, suddenly standing upon the bough, and clinging, with her tiny hands, to the twigs above her.

"My child, you will be killed! You will kill us all! Come down, Katie, *dear* Katie, do come down!" and the mother held up her hands beseechingly to the child, who only swung faster, and glanced roguishly and wickedly at her mother's pale face.

"Father, may I jump? Speak quick!"

"Are you crazy, Kate? If you do jump—"

He did not finish the sentence, for the little creature gave a wild shout, and let go of the branch. He sprang toward the tree, and just succeeded in catching her by her white dress, or she would have fallen to the ground. Before he could find words to express his surprise and anger, she had slipped from his grasp, and ran, laughing gleefully, down the lawn. He looked after her in mute astonishment for a few minutes, then shook his head gravely, and turned to his wife:

"It is of no use, Mary," said he. "Scolding will never tame her."

There was one room in the pleasant homestead, on a lovely June day, which was darkened by closed blinds and drooping curtains. The shadow of death was there. Mrs. Willard, the gentle mother and true-hearted wife, was breathing away her last hour on earth. Her husband was standing by her bedside, his head bowed, and his strong heart bowed within him; and gathered around were the few friends who loved her best. But where was the little Katie, who should have been nearest the dying one?

"My child!" cried the mother, clasping her husband's hand. "What will she do when I cannot watch over her? Who will try to guide her wayward feet as I have tried? Promise me, my husband, that you will talk to her of me, when she is yielding to her wild and rash impulses. Tell her that, even in heaven, I cannot rest, if she is going astray on earth."

"I will do all I can," whispered Mr. Willard.

"Little, wayward thing," continued his wife, "I tremble when I think I must go from her, for she is not fit to be motherless. But all will be well, I trust, if you will only love her always, and be very patient. The world would deal roughly with her if *you* should neglect her, and, poor girl! I fear she would deal roughly with the world. Be patient, my husband, for though you cannot change her nature, as I once fancied we might, she can be influenced by your forbearance and love."

At this moment the door opened, and Katie Willard, grown a little taller than when she jumped from the elm tree, but with the same wild, fearless eyes, entered the room, her face flushed with running. She had a whole apron full of wild flowers, and a wreath of them twisted around her head, which gave her a singular picturesque appearance.

"Come here, my daughter," said the father, solemnly, drawing her to the bedside. "Your mother is dying."

A strange light came into Katie's eyes as he spoke, and she bent eagerly over the bedside.

"Is it true, mother? Are you going where the flowers are always in bloom, and where the Jesus, you have told me of, is living? Let me go, too, mother! O, do let me go! Here," she cried, dashing the flowers on the bed, "take these with you, and give them to the angels, and perhaps they will come after me!"

The mourners, who stood around, shuddered.

"She has never seen death," they whispered. "She does not know what it is."

She heard them.

"Be still!" she cried, passionately. "I do know what death is; for mother has told me that it is an angel that comes to take us to heaven. Now he is coming for mother, and not for me. O, I want to go there, too!"

"Be good, my darling, and you *shall* come to me."

These were the last words that her mother spoke.

When Kate was told that her mother was really dead, she wept so violently that she almost terrified the mourning friends, and tearing her flowers passionately, she scattered them all over the white face of the dead. With much difficulty her father took her away and led her to his own room. There he succeeded in calming her, and tried to impress her with a right idea of death. But it was a hard task, for her restless mind would not stop to consider the truths which he presented to it. As she glided away, he thought within himself, "In a little while she will be calmed and subdued by her grief, and then I can influence her to become all that we have wished."

But time passed, and though whenever her mother's name was mentioned she seemed overwhelmed with sorrow, yet in not one respect had she changed, except that, freed from her mother's watchfulness, she broke away more and more from all rules and customs. She was indeed a wild, impetuous creature, restrained by neither respect or affection for teachers or friends. Her father sometimes almost repented of his promise, but the pleading voice of his wife could not be forgotten. So he was patient.

Kate was very beautiful. Strangers would often stop and gaze at her when she danced along the roadside, and all who knew her saw a rare beauty in her face and form. Whether her beauty was wholly external or not, they never could discover, for Kate had always managed to keep her feelings hidden when she chose, though free enough in expressing all the odd fancies which came into her mind.

At twelve years old she was not yet developed in any one point of mind or character, but her friends, seeing in her only ungovernable wildness and almost malicious roguishness, rather dreaded the fuller development which years would bring.

"There's no good in *that* child," was often spoken in despairing terms.

Thank Heaven that there *is* good in every human soul, and that sooner or later it will be revealed!

So Kate grew to maidenhood, more beautiful than any of her companions, but none so little loved as she. Among the gentlemen acquaintances that she was accustomed to meet in society and in everyday life, she had not a single admirer, for, to tell the truth, they were all afraid of her.

The husband-seeking girls were never jealous of Kate Willard, for she so often shocked the world's nice sense of propriety, that her beauty had never won for her the admiration which many inferior girls received, nor had ensnared a single lover. But there came a change.

One day Kate put on her gipsey hat, and, with her flower-basket on her arm, started for her favorite haunt in the forest which stood not far from the village.

That haunt of hers was a beautiful place. It was a bower, covered with rich green vines, deep in the woods, before which the river rolled gracefully on. There was always music there, of the waters, and the leaves, and the birds in the branches, and Kate loved music dearly, and loved to dream away a day in this pleasant place.

But to-day, as she walked slowly towards it, Kate thought it looked as if it had been disturbed by a stranger's presence. Of this there were several tokens. A little wild flower, which she had transplanted the day before, had been trampled on, and the remnant of a cigar lay on the leaves near it. Coming nearer, she peeped cautiously through the vines, and discovered a stranger, reclined on her favorite seat, and, with a book open before him, reading, as if he had made himself quite at home.

She took a good look at him, saying to herself the while—

"Ahem! You are very well contented, stranger, and are, no doubt, having a most comfortable time on my premises. But you are trespassing, and must be informed of it. Very well contented! But you have given me a surprise, and I must return the compliment."

She darted away with a roguish smile on her lips, and made great haste to fill her basket with the wild roses which grew plentifully around.

Some freak had certainly taken possession of her mind, for she sprung from bush to bush like a butterfly, until the basket was overloaded, laughing and talking to herself all the time. When this was done, she dipped the basket into the river, and, holding it under the water a few minutes, lifted it up all dripping, and ran with the speed of a young fawn to the arbor.

A glance showed her that the stranger had not moved, and, climbing to the bank behind the arbor, she dexterously parted the vines on the top, and, turning her basket over, dropped the wet contents on the very face of the reader, at the same time clapping her hands with a glee which she had no disposition to control.

The stranger started up in great amazement, looking around, beneath and above him with an air of great perplexity. Nor was it to be wondered at, for probably the gentleman had never before met with a similar reception in any place where he had chosen to rest.

"Some roguish boy," he muttered, and started out to see if there was any one near.

To be sure there was, but instead of a barefooted, ragged urchin, there stood a beautiful girl, laughing roguishly, and returning his gaze of amazement with one of merry defiance.

"Where did that shower come from?" he asked, as if deeming it impossible that she was the cause of it.

Kate pointed to the top of the arbor. "Showers *always* come from above, don't they?" she asked.

The gentleman looked exceedingly confused, which delighted Kate more than ever, and she laughed outright.

"Did you think it came from beneath your feet?" she said. "O, no! It was a very strange thing, no doubt, but not so strange as you may think."

"Are you a water-nymph?" he asked. "Yes, that it must be, and you rose out of this river and showered your wet flowers on me. But for what reason?"

"You were trespassing," she answered. "See my little daisy which your foot has crushed. See that stump of a cigar, and my arbor all scented with smoke."

The gentleman looked around him. "It is true," he replied. "I confess my fault, and humbly beg your pardon. Water-nymph, will you grant it?"

"On one condition."

"And what is that?"

"You must promise never to shadow this bower with your presence again."

"You are too severe. I cannot promise," said he, with a smile.

"Then remain unforgiven!" she cried, and, springing away, quickly disappeared among the trees.

For days after Kate watched for the stranger with an interest fascinating in itself, because so novel to her. One day she stole down into the woods, and had the satisfaction of seeing him there, with the book open before him, but his eyes turned away. She sat a half hour and looked at him, all the while so still that he did not dream of her presence. She was strongly tempted to fling a handful of flowers on him when she went away, but for once, and perhaps the first time in her life, she resisted the impulse.

The very next day she chanced to see him go by her father's house, and hastily pointed him out to the neighbor who was calling on her, at the same time eagerly inquiring who he was. Fortunately the old lady was one of those favored people who know everything and everybody, and was all ready to give the necessary information. She said he was a younger brother of the village lawyer—that he resided in the south of Pennsylvania, was wealthy and learned—and, in conclusion, was spending a little time with his country brother, for health's sake.

Moreover the good dame added sundry things in his favor. "He's none of your high-headed folks, that can't notice an old lady," said she.

As soon as her guest had gone, Kate walked directly to the arbor. She did not go really conscious that she was seeking the stranger. She was purely a child of nature, and, without any other motive, feeling attracted towards him, she went to him. She had always followed the quick impulse of her heart, and she followed it now.

As she expected, she found Mr. Gregory there, with his inseparable companion, the book. Raising his eyes from its pages, he suddenly beheld her standing before him, her black eyes fixed upon him with a searching glance, the more striking because of the peculiar expression they always wore. He rose and held out his hand to her.

"Have you returned, water-nymph, to grant the pardon I asked?"

"I am *not* a water-nymph," she ejaculated. "I have left the river, and am living with mortals, on shore."

"*Wood*-nymph, then, will you grant me pardon?"

"Do you expect it while you continue to disobey? Twice I have seen you here since I forbade your presence."

"Twice! I have seen *you* but this once."

"No matter. I saw you through the vines, two days ago. You had a book in your hand, but were not reading. I don't believe it is interesting. You only hold it for the sake of looking learned."

Mr. Gregory laughed. He liked her wild, free ways. There was a freshness and originality about her which had charmed him from the first moment, and for an hour every day he had haunted the forest, hoping to meet her again. He already desired to study her character, and see if she was as beautiful within as without.

"If not reading, what *was* I doing?" he asked.

"Thinking, I suppose. Perhaps of the shower of flowers."

Kate turned aside, and began to gather wild flowers for her basket, half-singing, meanwhile. Mr. Gregory watched her with interest.

"I wonder if she knows how unlike other mortals she is," thought he. "Beautiful, untamed creature! I have seen many who were lovely, but not the loveliest of them has interested me as much as she has done."

"You are a very strange girl!" he said, aloud.

"I know it," she replied, without turning her face toward him.

"Has any one ever tried to make you different?"

"Everybody that cares for me, but I like my own way best."

By this time she had gathered a bouquet, and sat down in the arbor to arrange it. Mr. Gregory stood by her and talked until the sun began to sink. Kate made no effort to interest him; she was too simple for that, yet interest him she did, and in that little hour he contrived to draw out much of the hitherto unrevealed richness of her mind and heart. The frankness and freshness of her whole nature charmed him. His mind, weary of the frivolity and affectation of the world, was refreshed by her presence.

He was a traveller passing over a dry and dusty road, unsatisfied by the stagnant waters he had been compelled to drink, and she was a cool, sparkling little fountain, gushing up before him and offering him rest and refreshment.

Poor Kate! For a long summer-time she had been basking in the sunlight of a sweet, dreamy love, of which she was unconscious, until another heart had been laid open before her, and then, and not till then, had she awakened to the deep life she was capable of enjoying. How her whole being had expanded, and her better nature been aroused! How gladness had sprung up in her soul; how it had blossomed and borne fruit; and now the same hand which had sown the precious seed tore up the full-grown vines.

Yet Mr. Gregory had not acted cruelly or unkindly. Her heart absolved him from all this, and only loved him the better for what he had done.

She sat in her own fairy-like chamber, the evening after bidding him farewell. Her hand was yet warm from the parting grasp of his, and his familiar voice yet sounded in her ears. His presence was all around her, and she felt that she could never again step out from the shadow of that presence.

It is well for you, Kate, that you cannot!

"He said that I was dear to him," mused she, "and I know it is true, for all this long summer he has been patient with me, and he alone has been always kind. But even his patience was exhausted. I see it all now. How wild and reckless I have been! It is only strange that he has borne with me so long. How could he, so calm and thoughtful, endure my heedlessness and impetuosity? He could not do otherwise than weary of me at last. I am thankful he was with me so long."

She hid her face in her hands, and for a long time was silent. Suddenly she looked up with an eager, excited countenance, and began to talk to herself again.

"It was not for any fault of mind or heart, he said. He believed me to be good and innocent; he believed me capable of becoming a noble character, far above the poor, common-place creatures that so often reprove me. But he could not bear with my rudeness and my fickleness.

"O, I have a thought! In another year he must return, he said, and meanwhile I will make myself worthy of him; then when we meet he will forgive all the past. It will be a hard lesson—hard for me to restrain my sudden impulses and to act from reason and principle instead. But I will *try* to do it.

"This thought does me good," she continued, walking up and down the room. "It gives me strength. I *will* be worthy of him."

Up in the heavens the great stars trembled into life and light, making earth radiant beneath them, but in the heart of the maiden a greater star had risen. It was the star of a new hope, and her whole being was illumined. Love was performing the work which no other teacher had ever accomplished. It was *taming* her, and moulding her character into its true proportions.

A year passed, and another summer came, bringing with it bloom and sweet winds. It had been a year of no common experience to Kate Willard, and very plainly could the result of that experience be traced in her countenance, as she leaned one evening from the pleasant bay window, looking upward thoughtfully and watching for the first star.

Her large, black eyes wore no longer the fiery brightness which had made them so wierd-like in days before, but a softer brilliancy played in their depths. There was a firmness, too, on her closed lips, giving her the look of one who has struggled and overcome. Yet her face had lost none of its beauty; on the contrary, it had gained immeasurably, for now she looked a creature who could be loved with the whole heart, and no longer half-loved, half-feared.

Kate had become, what she willed to be, another, yet the same.

So felt one who stood very near to her, gazing earnestly upon her, though she was unconscious of his presence. Mr. Gregory had entered the room unnoticed by her, and was glad to read her face before that peaceful expression should pass away, for he expected that as soon as he should speak the old waywardness would return.

He did not know how she had striven and triumphed. He had returned, thinking she must have forgotten him, and *hoping* that he had forgotten her, but that sweet, calm face conquered him once more.

Suddenly he bent over her, and showered a whole handful of flowers on her upturned face. She started, and meeting his smiling glance, sprang to his side.

"You surprised *me*, once. I have come back to surprise you," said he. "Wood-nymph, am I trespassing now?"

The glad glance of her eyes was all the answer he needed.

"But you shall not go again!" she cried. "I have not been idle all this long year. I have been working, O, so hard! to make myself worthy of you. And now I will never try your kindness and patience again. Will you not forgive me?"

"Working for *me*, Kate!" said he, gazing wonderingly upon her. "O, I see it all now! Forgive *me*; my own loneliness has sufficiently punished me!"

"No; there is nothing for me to forgive," said she. "All has been for the best. In this year of our estrangement, I have been learning the best lesson of my life, which neither kindness nor severity ever taught me before."

"In fine, wild Kate is *tamed*," said Mr. Gregory, caressingly placing his hand on her head. "And love has done the good work."

Kate Willard soon became Kate Gregory, and as her father placed her hand in that of her husband, and consigned her to his care, on leaving her home, he said:

"Love has made Kate human. Before, she was always, as poor Mary called her, an 'elf-child.'"

AN AMOROUS AERONAUT.

A late French journal relates the following well-invented story, which, it will be seen, is French all over:—"While Mons. Godard was filling an immense balloon in the Champ de Mars, he amused the spectators by sending up the small figure of a man, the perfect semblance of M. Thiers without spectacles. The little man being filled with gas rose majestically into the air, and was soon lost to view among the clouds. His adventures, which became known the next day, were curious. Thanks to a strong and favorable gale, which impelled him on his course, the little balloonman arrived the same afternoon in the sight of a fine country house in the neighborhood of Bievro. It was near the hour of dinner, and the lady of the mansion, who naturally thought herself perfectly safe, was occupied in the mysteries of her toilet. It was a warm day, and she had opened one of the windows which looked out upon the park, and was safe from any prying eyes. While tranquilly engaged, by the assistance of a corset-lacing, in reducing her waste to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly startled by a blast of wind, followed by a strange noise; and immediately the casement was thrown open, and our little balloon-man entered her chamber unannounced. The lady utters a cry of terror, and throws a shawl over her shoulders. The little man, driven, by the wind, throws himself upon the unhappy woman, who, screaming louder than ever, pushes him off, and he conceals himself under the bed. Just as the wife, in a supplicating voice, says to this novel Don Juan, 'Ah, monsieur, go away, or you will ruin me!' the husband furiously rushes in, crying, 'Ah, the wretch, I have him now!' and goes in search of his sword to run him through the body. The wife, more dead than alive, reiterates, in the midst of sobs, 'Fly, fly, monsieur, and spare me the sight of a dreadful tragedy.' The husband arrives, armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to mollify his anger. While two of his friends hold the husband, a third, stooping down, perceives our little friend, who, for good cause, utters not a word, and, catching him by the leg, draws him forth from his concealment, when lo, Monsieur Balloon, no longer held down by the bedstead, becomes erect, and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the amusement of the spectators, while the jealous husband slinks away, sword and all, ashamed of his causeless wrath.—*Home Journal.*

TYPOGRAPHICAL.

While working at the Clarendon printing-office, a story was current among the men, and generally believed to be authentic, to the following effect: "Some of the gay young students of the university, who loved a practical joke, had made themselves sufficiently familiar with the manner in which the types are fixed in certain forms and laid on the press, and with the mode of opening such forms for correction, when required; and when the sheet containing the marriage service was about to be worked off, as finally corrected, they unlocked the form, took out a single letter, *v*, and substituted in its place, *k*, thus converting the word *live* into *like*. The result was, that when the sheets were printed, that part of the service which rendered the bond irrevocable, was so changed as to make it easily dissolved, as the altered passage now read as follows: The minister asking the bridegroom, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's holy ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall *like*?' To which the man shall answer, 'I will.' The same change was made in the question put to the bride. It was said the change was not discovered till all the sheets were printed off, and was then detected by the compositor who distributed the types. The whole of the sheets had accordingly to be cancelled; but the real culprits were never discovered till they left the university, and then, when they were beyond the authority of the proctors, they voluntarily confessed what they called their 'lark.'"—*Buckingham's Autobiography.*

THE LAWYER'S RUSE.

This story is related of a lawyer, who has since attained eminence in his profession. A case in which he was engaged as counsel for the defendant came on a certain day. As he was insufficiently prepared, he was anxious to have the case postponed for a few days, that he might have further time for his purpose. Unfortunately, there was a great press of business, and he knew that his motion would be over-ruled, unless some extraordinary reason was alleged. Under these circumstances, he bethought himself of an expedient. Rising, with his handkerchief to his face, he addressed the judge in accents of emotion:

"May it please your honor, I have just been informed that my mother is at the point of death. My emotions are too great for me to proceed in this case. I move that it be postponed until day after to-morrow."

This request would have been granted by the court, whose sympathies were strongly excited in his behalf, but at this moment, to the discomfiture of the lawyer and the amusement of the audience, the shrill voice of his mother was heard issuing from the gallery:

"Ichabod! Ichabod! how often have I whipped you for lying!"—*Transcript.*

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

This celebrated musical composer, who has just died, is said to have been the greatest musical composer England has produced, excepting Henry Purcell. He was Director of the Concert of Ancient Music, Director of the Philharmonic Society, Professor of Music in the Universities of Edinburg and Oxford, Member of the Royal Academy of Music, and was knighted by the Queen in 1842. He married, about 1836, the lady who is now widely known here as Madame Anna Bishop. The union did not prove a happy one, and a separation soon ensued. Madame Bishop was a fine vocalist, and had been educated at the Academy. It was said that she desired to appear in public, which Sir Henry opposed. Two children, a son and daughter, who are both living, were the issue of this marriage. —*Musical World.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WHY THUS SAD?

BY R. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

O, why thus sad to-night, my love,
Am I not by thy side?
And do I not for thee alone
Stem life's tempestuous tide?
Does not thy every smile, love,
Awaken in my breast
A pride to know thou art my own—
And I am ever blest?

O, why thus sad, when all around
Are joyous, wild and gay?
The zephyrs sport among thy locks,
And with thy tresses play.
Sweet perfumes from the scented bowers
Are wafted on the breeze,
Yet thou art sad to-night, my love,
And seeming ill at ease.

O, why thus sad?—can sorrow find
Its dwelling-place in thee?—
Or, does some memory of the past
Bespeak thy misery?
The stars their silent vigils keep,
The silent moon gleams bright;
All, all is mirth and gladness, love—
Still thou art sad to-night.

O, yes, I'm sad to-night, my love,
For joys can't always last;
And though I'm thoughtful now, 'tis not
From memory of the past.
These zephyrs sporting with the leaves,
Whisper a tale of woe—
Of death, which bids me to prepare
Far hence from thee to go.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE TAILOR'S WISH.

A TALE OF THE ORIENT.

BY MARTIN S. WING.

Once upon a time, in those good old days when genii roamed unrestricted over the earth, meddling with the affairs of men and influencing their deeds for good or evil as humor or passion dictated, there lived in the renowned city of Bagdad a certain Haroun Kadoran. A quiet man was he—a tailor by trade—and respected by his neighbors for his correct and amiable deportment and his devout performance of the daily duties required by the Prophet.

As we have said, he was a quiet man and contented. Being very industrious, he earned a comfortable living for himself and family, and he wished for nothing more—not even another wife, although he had but half the usual number allowed by the Mussulman faith. They were as beautiful as he could afford to buy, and he believed them virtuous. He had two children, a boy and a girl. What more could he wish for?

One evening as he was rambling through the city, he fell in with one whom he judged by his dress and conversation to be a merchant from Damascus. With a courtesy peculiar to the East, and especially distinguished in Haroun Kadoran, he invited the stranger to his humble dwelling and entertained him hospitably.

On the following morning, as the stranger opened the door to depart, he accidentally stumbled against an artisan who was carrying with great care a large porcelain vase, causing the man to drop the article, which was dashed in a thousand pieces on the pavement. The man by his loud outcries soon drew a large number of his neighbors to the spot, who seized upon the stranger and took him before the Cadi. That personage, after hearing the case, decided that the stranger should pay to the artisan thirty pieces of silver, which was the value of the vase, or otherwise be imprisoned for several months. "Alas! your highness," said the stranger, "I am a poor man, and have not so much money in the world. My caravan was robbed on my way hither, and I have now but these five pieces of silver wherewith to return home." But the Cadi declared that he must go to prison.

Haroun Kadoran had been much edified by the wise conversation of the Damascene while at his house the night before, and was now exceedingly moved by his misfortunes; and accordingly he himself paid the thirty pieces of silver, although he was obliged to sell part of his stock in trade to obtain the means to do so. The stranger on being released publicly thanked him and walked home with him. When they arrived at the shop of the tailor, the stranger, taking a seat, after a few moments spoke as follows:

"Haroun Kadoran, you think me to be a merchant of Damascus, such as I appear. You are deceived, as are other mortals, by my appearance. I am one of a large band of genii who are continually wandering over the earth, habited in the guise of mortals, seeking amusement and profit by observing the whims and intrigues of mankind. Possessed of the great powers of our race, we seek out the benevolent and amiable, as well as the wicked and intriguing of your kind, and reward or punish them as they deserve. I observed with delight your generosity to-day, and will now reward you by granting any request you may make of me—but first here are the thirty pieces of silver you loaned me; I return them as a matter of justice. I will give you a week to decide what you most wish for. Farewell!" And before the tailor could recover from his astonishment the spirit had vanished he knew not whither. He was almost inclined to believe it a dream, but there lay the thirty pieces of silver, and although neither door nor window had been opened, his guest was invisible. He was forced to believe his senses.

That night he slept but little. Like a prudent man, as he was, he had confided his good fortune to neither of his wives, and consequently was not disturbed in his cogitations. By morning he had decided that he would wish for great riches—wealth that would exceed the brightest visions of the Sultan—and for almost three hours of the next day he was impatient for the week to pass away. Then he began to think where he should keep his treasure when it was in his possession, and he could not decide upon any plan that exactly suited him. At first he thought he would bury his money, but then he remembered how one of his friends who had saved a small sum had lost it all—thieves having discovered and made way with it after it was hidden in the earth. Investing his money in goods was next thought of, but with it came the dread of robbers and of various mishaps by sea and land. Many other thoughts by turns occupied his mind during the day, but at night he retired dissatisfied, and dreamed of persons murdering him for his wealth. In the morning he awoke unrefreshed, but with a good resolution half formed in his mind. "Away," said he, "with all these dreams of wealth. If the very thought of riches renders me so unhappy, how could I live in possession of them!" So the object of his supreme wishes was yet to be found.

For many days he wandered about in a state of uncomfortable indecision. Various indeed were the visions which appeared to him of pomp, and power, and glory—of beautiful women who acknowledged him as their lord, and of brave men who called Haroun Kadoran their leader—which might be realized simply by wishing for them. But he weighed and considered them all in his mind, and imagined they would not add to his happiness. At length it was the evening previous to which the genie was to re-appear, and he was still undecided. He lay awake, endeavoring to fix his mind, when it occurred to him, what a fine thing it would be if he could know the *thoughts* of every one. The more he considered the suggestion the more it pleased him, and he at length resolved that *that* should be his wish.

The genie re-appeared and demanded of him what he would ask for. The tailor fell on his knees and said, "O most mighty spirit, I pray that power may be given to me to read the hearts of mankind. That they may be unto me as the written pages of the Koran."

The spirit replied not for several minutes, but at length said, "Be it so, but it is a strange wish, and a dangerous power I grant to thee. Unless wielded with more than human discretion, it will bring upon thee much trouble. Should you ever desire to recall your wish, you have simply to swallow the contents of this vial and I will appear to you and withdraw my dangerous gift." So saying, he departed, leaving a small vial filled with a red liquid upon the couch on which he had been reclining.

In a few moments a rich merchant of Bagdad came to the shop of the tailor to purchase some cloth, and Haroun Kadoran was delighted to find that all the thoughts of his customer were revealed to him. While they were engaged in trade the daughter of the tailor, more beautiful than the day, passed through the shop. The tailor perceived that the merchant was bewildered by the charms of the maiden, and was even then thinking how he might obtain possession of her and make her his slave. Greatly enraged, he seized the merchant by the hair and beating him severely thrust him from the shop. The merchant raised a great outcry, and the tailor was borne before the Caliph, where a complaint was made against him and at the same time several pieces of gold were slipped into the hand of the Caliph by the merchant, which so influenced him that before hearing the defence of the defendant he resolved to decide against him. Haroun Kadoran, perceiving what was passing in his mind, tore his hair and exclaimed, "O, most unworthy Caliph! whose mind is corrupted by gold, and whose heart is filled with deceit. Even now hast thou decided against me in thy mind, and art thinking not of justice but of gold." Then was the Caliph greatly enraged, and he ordered his slaves to strip the tailor naked and drive him from the city with whips; all of which was done, and the poor tailor wandered naked and bruised beyond the walls. At last he came to the house of a rich man, who clothed and fed him and sent him from the house with his pockets lined with gold. But the wanderer looked into his heart and found it was not charity that dictated the kindness but the desire of displaying his generosity before his friends. But this time the tailor wisely kept silence. He journeyed on, and at length came to a grand and beautiful city. It was a holiday in honor of the birthday of the Sultan, and a magnificent procession paraded the streets. There was the Caliph seated on a beautiful horse and surrounded by numerous guards, and his Vizier was by his side. The tailor read the heart of the latter, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "O, most base and unworthy servant of the Prophet.. Thou ridest beside his highness the governor of the city, with smiles on thy face and sweet words flowing from thy tongue, but thy heart is filled with corrupt and wicked designs, and lies without end pour from thy mouth. Even now thou art plotting against the Caliph and thinking how thou mayest best injure him with the Sultan. Thy greatest pleasure would be to wait upon him with the bow-string, that thou mightest take his place."

The crowd looked upon the man and wondered at his boldness. The Caliph looked suspiciously upon his minister, and believed the accusation. The Vizier turned red and white by turns, and in a voice of thunder commanded the guards to seize the defamer and cast him in prison, and then endeavored to allay the suspicions of the Caliph. Haroun Kadoran was thrown into a dungeon. The Caliph was satisfied of the innocence of his Vizier, and that night the latter respected gentleman died very unexpectedly. His funeral was not largely attended. The tailor lay in the prison for several weeks before he was liberated; indeed, every one seemed to have forgotten him. He made some remarkably good resolutions respecting the propriety and advisability of keeping a more strict watch over his tongue. Hardly was he once more free, when seeing a rich man riding on a magnificent horse and preceded and followed by numerous slaves, and reading his thoughts—struck with horror and forgetting his recent mishaps, he cried out, "O citizens, behold in your midst a vile robber—a base villain—a perjured ingrate—who now wishes to add to his other successful crimes the destruction of a poor man by accusing him of theft before the Caliph. He wishes, O citizens! to add the small piece of ground belonging to the poor man to his vast possessions. He intends—" but he was allowed to proceed no further, for the rich man, greatly enraged, ordered his servants to beat him severely, and the citizens joining in the work, he was driven, followed by a hooting mob, in disgrace from the city. He was so sore that he could proceed no further than a little grove, where laying himself down, enraged at himself, and cursing his ill fortune, he resolved to rid himself of his unfortunate gift as quick as possible. Just as he was about to swallow the contents of the vial he perceived two men quarrelling violently. Wishing to know the cause of their disagreement, he almost involuntarily looked into the heart of the person nearest him and saw that the subject of the dispute was an ass which each claimed, and without reflection he said aloud, "O man! thou who standest next to me, why dost thou wish to disturb that person in the possession of his property, when thou knowest that thine own ass fell dead on the road at the distance of three hours' journey from here, and that thou hast no more claim to that animal than have I?" Then was the man he addressed greatly enraged, and cursing him for a villain and a liar, threatened to beat him to death with his club. But the other man, who was greatly pleased at this unexpected assistance, interfered and swore that the tailor should not be molested, but that he would take him home on his ass and clothe and feed him. But Haroun Kadoran grown suspicious, looked into the heart of the man to see if sincerity was there, and found that he was but a common thief, who had stolen the ass, and would rob him of what small possessions he had about him; and in a voice of passion he said, "O most miserable robber! To you no more than the other man does the ass belong, but to the widow in the city which you see yonder, from whom thou hast stolen it!" Then the robber, enraged, joined the other man in beating him and they left him on the ground senseless. But they acknowledged to each other that what he had said was true, and agreed to sell the ass at the next town and divide the money equally between them.

On recovering his senses the first act of the tailor was to swallow the contents of the vial, and the genie immediately appearing to him, he exclaimed, "O most potent spirit, I beseech you to deprive me of that mischievous power you have bestowed upon me. Already has it brought upon me three beatings and an imprisonment. I perceive that it is a dangerous gift in the hands of an ignorant man; therefore I pray you to recall it." The genie granted his prayer, and told him that if he wished for any other power or acquisition in place of that he had so willingly resigned, he had but to name it and it was his. But Haroun Kadoran, inspired by a holy horror of supernatural gifts, replied that he wished for nothing but restoration to his former mode of life, and from that time forward the tailor was noted as the most contented man in Bagdad.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE CZAR.

An incident has been related, which is highly creditable to Nicholas. Passing, on a winter's evening, by one of the guard houses in St. Petersburg, he had a curiosity to see what was going on in the interior. The officer on duty was seated at a table, tranquilly sleeping, but with helmet on, sword at his side, and accoutrements irreproachable. The Emperor made a sign to the sentinel to let him enter, and, approaching the table, he perceived on it a paper, on which the following memorandum was written:

State of my expenses and of my receipts.

DEBT.

Lodging, maintenance, fuel, etc.,	2000	roubles.
Dress and pocket-money,	2500	"
Debts,	3000	"
Alimentary pension to my mother,	500	"
Total,	8000	"

CREDIT.

Pay and other receipts,	4000	"
Deficit,	4000	"

"*Who will pay this sum?*" This question terminated the account, and the officer, unable to find any answer, had fallen asleep with the pen in his hand. The Emperor approached him, and having recognized him as one of the best-conducted amongst his guards, took the pen gently and wrote beneath the appalling question the significant name of "Nicholas;" he then quietly withdrew, without awakening the officer, or having been seen by any other of the soldiers on guard. The surprise of the guardsman may be imagined, who, on waking, found the Emperor's signature on the paper before him, and learned the mysterious visit with which he had been favored. The next morning, to his further surprise and delight, he was presented, by an orderly, with a letter from Nicholas, in which he was admonished to choose for the future a better time and place to sleep, but to continue, as in the past, to serve his Emperor, and *to take care of his mother.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

INGENIOUS.

Our landlords are getting mighty particular about their tenants, as well as their rents. If a body has half a dozen children, and of course more need of a house than if he had none at all, he is very coolly told he cannot have the premises.

"Have you children, madam?" inquired one of these sharpers, of a lady in modest black, who was looking at one of his houses, just finished and in perfect order.

"Yes," said the gentle mother, "I have seven, sir, but *they are all in the church yard.*" A sigh and the dew of a tear gave impressiveness to the painful remark, and without further parley the bargain was closed. Her little flock were waiting for her in the *church yard*, round the corner, and were delighted to hear that she had found a snug house so speedily. The landlord says he shall never trust a woman in black after this.—*Portland Transcript.*

MAY BE MISTAKEN.

The Boston Evening Gazette, illustrating the text, "judge not, lest ye be judged," tells an anecdote of a lady residing in a boarding house, who sympathized most deeply with a poor little woman, who occupied the room above her, on account of the late hours her husband kept. She heard him come in at all hours of the night, rarely before midnight, and was surprised to see the injured wife wearing so pleasant a smile. The worm however, she concluded, was gnawing at her heart. The husband she classed among the fiends of society, who, forgetful of their marriage vows, indulge in dissipation and licentiousness. The couple, however, appeared very happy, and on Saturdays were rarely separated. On inquiry, she found that the husband was a subeditor on a daily paper, and that his late hours were to be attributed altogether to his duties, especially on steamer nights.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE PRIZE LEAP.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

Many years ago there lived in one of the loneliest villages of old Virginia a maiden whose uncommon beauty attracted to her scores of admirers. The father of the fair girl in his early youth was distinguished for his athletic feats. He wore upon his breast three medals which were the pledges of his victorious achievements. His daughter was now a blushing Hebe of eighteen years, besieged with lovers; but the parental obedience which her father demanded led her to defer all to his choice. Still, she had her peculiar favorite in Harvey Carroll, who was the most accomplished and intellectual young man in all the country. But the old father of the maiden, possessed of a perfect monomania upon the subject of leaping, suggested the following singular mode of selecting a husband for his daughter from her numerous proposals, viz., he invited all the declared suitors who had avowed themselves lovers of Amabel to meet at his house, and made to them this announcement: "Young men," said he, "you have solicited my child each of you to become your bride. She is comely and pure. She will prove as fair a gem as she appears. I have money to give her, but you see I don't care about money, nor talents, nor book knowledge, nor military renown, but I want her to marry a man of skill and strength. I obtained the mother of my child by jumping for her. A party of my own age were assembled and my father-in-law avowed that the one who could leap the farthest should be the winner of the prize. My old woman, lads, was worth the effort. I was the successful man, and my daughter shall be obtained only in this manner. Here is the green sward, and there is Amabel—the one that jumps the farthest on the dead level shall win the prize." Amabel clung closely to her father and looked upon her array of lovers with no unmeaning glance. Still her eyes rested on one more lovingly than the rest, and that was Harvey Carroll.

A crowd of spectators were present to witness the feats. The loom and the quilting frame was deserted, the children left their sports, the old men forsook their pipes, and gray-haired, spectacled old dames forgot their spinning wheels, in the excitement of the hour. The avenue allotted for the contest was a level space in front of the village inn, directly in sight of Amabel's home. Exercises of a similar kind were then much in vogue in the Old Dominion, and the green was often used for such sports. The father of Amabel now came forward with his blushing daughter, attended by those patriarchal judges who were to determine by actual measurement the precise length of each leap.

The signal was now given, and each young man in turn took his place in the arena.

"John Watkins," cries a bystander appointed to announce their names,—"John Watkins, fifteen feet two inches."*

Watkins retired, somewhat mortified at his ill success.

"Edward Keyson, eighteen feet one inch."

The merry shouts of applause here commenced. Many prophesied Edward had won the prize; Amabel, however, looked pale and dissatisfied.

"James Haynes, nineteen feet precisely."

Huzzas rent the air. Everybody loved James; everybody but Amabel.

"Richard Rush, twenty feet two and one-half inches."

Dick replaced his coat very coolly, as if not aware of the shouts which made the air resound with acclamations of joy.

"Henry Pettes, nineteen feet." But he cared not to win the prize. Amabel stood unmoved. Two other young men refused to leap for the prize, and Harvey Carroll was the last upon the roll. He marched into the arena with a firm step.

"Harvey Carroll, twenty-three feet one inch," was announced, and he took the prize!

Amabel rushed into the arms of her devoted lover, to whom of all others she gave the special preference. Congratulations were exchanged—"the handsomest couple in old Virginia" was passed around—"the best match in the country," cries the multitude—when suddenly a young man of most prepossessing appearance presented himself as a candidate for the prize. He had just alighted at the village inn, and hearing the shouts of victory, came forward and inquired of Amabel's father if the ground was still open for competition? The old man having leisurely serveyed the stranger's features, and then looking at Amabel who was resting in Harvey's fond embrace, now looked wildly and wonderingly on the scene. Harvey wore a troubled countenance, for he saw the stranger was athletic and wore a lofty, manly air.

"George Washington, twenty-four feet," cried the man of measurement. He had fairly won the prize, but listen to his words:

"My friends, I am a stranger among you, and for mere sport, I have tried my skill at jumping. The prize, which is adjudged to be mine, I relinquish to him who has a prior claim. Lovely though she be, yet her affections cannot be enkindled by a stranger. Harry Carroll, the prize is yours;" so saying, he left the arena, while a louder shout than ever rent the air. The stranger retired to the inn, and the next day pursued his journey.

Harry Carroll and Amabel were made one in the village church the next morning. Toasts were drank in honor of the stranger who so generously surrendered his prize, and the newly married pair offered fervent prayers for his future prosperity.

In the course of events, many sons and daughters were born of this happy wedlock, and Harry Carroll became distinguished in revolutionary memory.

One evening, when Harry returned from a hard day's campaign, and was resting beneath the vine-clad piazza of his beautiful country house, a stranger drove up, of commanding appearance, and inquired "if he could be entertained there for the night?" Harry had just stepped into his summer house in search of Amabel, whom he found trimming a rose tree. She had now become dignified and matronly; her beauty was of another type from girlhood, still it was none the less captivating. She still glowed with the rose of health upon her cheek, and with a queenly air presided over the domestic hearth; her heart, too, was open to all generous impulses, and she stepped forward and bade the stranger welcome. She then quietly withdrew, to superintend her own repast, leaving Harry to entertain the man of such pleasing exterior, who had become a stranger guest.

The meal was soon made ready, and Mrs. Carroll presided at the well-spread board. She looked at her guest and suddenly dropped her fork; she looked again—a shudder ran over her frame—she recognized the same man, though a little seared by time, who was the successful young leaper that won her as his prize and generously surrendered his claim. It was George Washington!

The general stared; he, too, had a faint remembrance of that face, for once seen, it left an impress. And how, when the mutual recognitions were made manifest, they discoursed of what had befallen each in their journey, may be imagined. The general, though courteous and polite in speech, uttered no regrets that he did not avail himself of the prize—for he had found another, without making a fatal leap. He was proud of her virtues, and in due time Mrs. Carroll visited Washington, and was there most hospitably received, and a lasting bond of friendship was created, until they were separated by infirmity, and finally by death.

We smile at the record of leaping to obtain a prize; but would not the encouragement of such athletic feats among the young men of our age do away with that sickly effeminacy which rejects all manly, vigorous exercise which tends to develop the nobler faculties, and instead of growing dwarfed and made into the proportions of a dandy, might we not admire the lofty and graceful carriage of men strong and brave, such as made the heroes of the last century, and won the hearts of maidens who were run in nature's nobler mould?

*This was what is called the flying leap, where the competitor runs and springs forward.

FINALE TO A COURTSHIP.

"Flora—ah! dearest Flora—I am come—to—O, you can decide my fate—I am come, my Flora."

"I see you, Malcolm, perfectly. You are come, you tell me; interesting intelligence, certainly."

"O, Flora, I come to—to—"

"To offer me your heart and hand, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, do it like a man, if you can, and not like a monkey!"

"Plague take your self-possession," exclaimed I, suddenly starting from my knee, upon which I had fallen in an attitude that might have won the approval of Madame de Maillard Fraser; "you make me ashamed of myself."

"Proceed, sir."

"You like brevity, it would seem?"

"Yes," said Flora.

"Then—will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Will you give me a kiss?"

"You may take it."

I took the proffered kiss.

"Now, this is going to work rationally," said Flora; "when a thing is to be said, why may it not be said in two seconds, instead of stuttering and stammering two hours about it? O, how cordially do I hate all *naiserie*," exclaimed the merry maiden, clapping her hands energetically.

"Well, then," said I, "humbug apart, what day shall we fix for our marriage?"—*New York Dutchman.*

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY TAMAR ANNE KEMMODE.

Home of my youth! still fondly I love thee,
Though years may elapse ere I see thee again!
The dear ones I loved may all be departed,
And the last link be broken in friendship's sweet chain.

O, why am I left, a lone exile to wander,
Away from my country and all I hold dear?—
With memory forever upholding before me
The scenes of the past, and the last parting tear.

Sadly I wander from city to country,
And strive in their changes to banish the past;
'Tis useless, 'tis vain—it will be with me ever,
And cling to my heart while a life throb shall last.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE RUSSIAN SERF.

BY WILLIAM MACKINTIRE.

One of the villages in Kostroma was mostly owned by a man, named Soltikof. This Soltikof was very wealthy, and, like most of the Russian gentry, looked upon gold as the chief good of earth, and to fill his coffers he hesitated at nothing which the laws of custom would allow him. Not far from Soltikof's principal estate, was one of those small schools which had been established for the children of the free peasants, and which was well attended and well governed. When Nicholas ascended the imperial throne, he found that these schools, which had been established by Alexander, had gone into almost entire disuse. Most of the schoolhouses were closed, and the grass grew rank and tall in the threshold paths. But the new cs took hold of the work with a will, and ere long the teachers were again at work, and education began to flouish in the empire. Of course that education was far below our common school standard, but still it was a vast improvement for Russia, and the people found it so.

Among the serfs upon Soltikof's estate, was an old peasant, named Faudof. This Faudof had a daughter, seventeen years old, named Anne, and it made his heart ache to see her grow up in ignorance, while the children of other peasants were attending school. So he went to his master, and begged that his child might attend school one third of the time; but Soltikof said *no*.

"I will work for you harder," said Faudof. "Let my child go to school, and I will put more money into your purse than you can make by keeping her out."

"How?" asked the master, ever ready to listen to any project that promised to put a few additional roubles into his purse.

"Let Anne attend school, and I will give you all my work for the six days of the week which she goes."*

Anne was employed as a servant in Soltikof's own dwelling, and he liked not to give her up; but he soon convinced himself that he should make more money from the stout peasant's three days' work than from the maiden's six, and he finally consented that the girl should go to school.

Anne was one of the most beautiful girls in the town,—of medium size, with brown, curly hair, deep blue eyes, a very fair skin, features not only regular, but lovely in their mould, and dimples upon her rosy cheeks and chin, which helped her eyes wondrously in giving charm to her warm smiles. She fairly cried for joy when she learned that she was going to school, and in the fulness of her heart she kissed her master's hand, as though he had been most magnanimous in this grant. She donned her best attire, and when she entered the school, with downcast eyes and trembling step, not one of the scholars felt vexed to see her there; for, serf though she was, all loved her for her beauty and gentleness.

Olga was the teacher's name. He was the son of a wealthy merchant of Veluga, and only two-and-twenty years of age. Of course he had taken the school more from the love of teaching than from the desire of pay; for the scanty pittance allowed him for his services was as nothing to him, since his father was willing to supply his every want. But Olga liked to teach, and it was a source of recreation, as well as a means of information; for he had much opportunity to study human nature in his little school.

Anne stood in the middle of the floor, and she wondered if the teacher would receive her. Olga saw her standing there, and he approached her and asked what she wanted. She raised her large blue eyes to the speaker's face, and they were filled with tears.

"You will not reject me, sir," she uttered, in a sweet, tremulous tone. "I am a serf, but my master has granted that I may come here and study."

"You are Soltikof's serf?"

"Yes, sir."

Olga seemed surprised, for he knew the character of the avaricious burgher, and he wondered that he should thus give away the time of one of his servants. Anne's quick eye detected the look, and she knew its meaning.

"My father works all the time, sir, while I am here," she said.

Olga smiled upon his new pupil, and assured her that he should teach her with pleasure, and then gave her a seat. The poor bond-maiden was happy now, and she took hold of her studies in earnest.

One month passed away, and during that time Anne had made such progress as caused both teacher and scholars surprise. Olga devoted much time to her, and he seemed never to tire in hearing her sweet voice, and in noting the bright sparkle of her eye as idea after idea became developed to her mind. And during that month the beautiful serf had exhibited her character fully, and Olga was not surprised to find that all her mates loved her fondly. Only one thing annoyed him. Among his scholars was a youth, not far from nineteen years of age, the son of a free peasant, and this youth was very intimate with Anne, and his eye would sparkle, and the warm blood mount more freely to his face, when she smiled upon him. Olga saw this; for his vision had become very keen in watching Anne's movements, and it troubled him Strange that the son of the rich merchant should have felt thus!

One day in autumn, when the weather had grown cold, and the foliage of the earth had become sear and crisp with the frost-touch, Anne sat in her seat, and her face wore a sorrowful look. Ever and anon a bright tear would start from her eyes, and glisten a moment upon her long lashes, and then fall upon her book. Olga saw it, and his own countenance seemed troubled.

That night, after all the rest of the scholars had gone, Olga bade the bond-maiden remain.

"Anne," he said, when they were alone, "you have been sad to-day. Why is it?"

There was something so kind in the speech of the noble young teacher, that the girl burst into tears.

"Why is it?" repeated Olga, softly, taking her hand in his own. "Tell me, for you may surely trust me."

"The time draws nigh when the school will close," she said, "and I may never come again."

"But there will be another school."

"I know it, sir; but I am not—"

"Speak on."

"I meant that I am not free to come and go as I will."

"And you would like to be free?"

"*Free?*" uttered the maiden, while the rich blood mounted to her temples, and her whole frame quivered. "No, sir," she whispered; "I think not of it, for 'twould make me very miserable"

Olga drew the fair girl nearer to him, and now his own voice was sunk to a whisper.

"But you would like to be free?"

"How could I help it?"

"And would you live with me if I could make you free?"

Quickly the maiden withdrew her hand, and with a shudder she started back. For an instant the blood rushed wildly to her face, and then it all fell back to her heart, and she was pale as death.

"What ails you?" Olga asked, with alarm.

"Let me go, sir," she murmured, half turning away.

"But stop. Have I offended you?"

"I am not offended, sir. I am but a poor serf, but—but—I am not so poor as to sell my soul for the liberty of my body!"

Olga gazed a moment into the fair girl's pale face, and then he comprehended her meaning. Kindly he reached forth and took her hand again, and when she was once more drawn to him, he said:

"I will not be offended that you know me so slightly as to misunderstand my meaning; for I know the things you have seen among the burghers who have power. But listen to me now. I have seen enough of life to know that true worth belongs to no particular station of life, and in searching for a companion who should share with me the joys and trials of life, I must find a soul pure and elevated, a heart true and faithful, and a disposition kind and forbearing. I have found it all in you, for I have watched you well. Now will you come and live with me, and be my own true and lawful wife?"

Anne would have sank down senseless had not the teacher supported her, for the strange words she had heard, with their startling import, sent such a thrill to her heart that its motion was, for the while, stopped. But she soon revived, and Olga repeated his question. It was sometime before she answered, and when she did, she bade him to do what he liked in honor and truth.

On the next day a rich old merchant came from Veluga to visit the school. He was a kind, benevolent-looking old gentleman, and Olga introduced him as his father. The visitor called Anne up, and examined her carefully; and then he called up others; but none of the rest did he examine as he had Anne. That evening the teacher smiled, as he walked a short distance by the maiden's side, and he told her that his father had granted his request.

Olga sought old Faudof's cot that very night, and when he had told his wish in plain language, the poor peasant wept with joy. In the fulness of his gratitude, he caught the youth's hand and sank down upon his knees.

"God bless you, sir!" he ejaculated. "O, she is mine only child, and she will be free! Her children will be free,—and so shall my descendants on earth not weep that I gave their mother to life from my loins!"

And yet Olga wished not to buy his own wife. He bade Faudof go and ask of Soltikof his price for Anne. The old peasant did so, and the master wondered much at the servant's question.

"Why do you ask me that?" he said.

"Because I hope to see my daughter free."

"And have you the money to buy her?"

"I hope I can raise it."

The avaricious man pondered for a while, and he suspected near the truth; and he named ten thousand roubles as his price. Faudof returned in despair, for he feared the youth would not pay so exorbitant a sum. But he was mistaken. On the very next day Olga brought eleven hundred gold imperials, which was considerable more than the sum demanded.

"Here," he said, as he handed it to the old man, "this is yours. Go, now, and buy your daughter, and you shall give her to me free."

Faudof knew how delicate was the feeling which prompted this gift, and he wept anew with joy.

Soltikof was in his dwelling when his serf, Faudof, came with a bag of gold. The master took it, and poured it out upon the table, and his eyes sparkled admiringly as he saw the bright yellow pieces.

"Is this all yours, Faudof?"

"Yes, my master. You may count out the ten thousand roubles, and let me have the rest."

"Never mind the counting. I'll keep the whole."

"But there are more—"

"I'll keep it safe for thee, Faudof."

"Then give me a receipt. Give me some bond for my child," uttered the old man, not daring to dispute about the money.

"In time I will. Go to your cot now, and I will confer with Anne. Go!"

"But—"

The master raised his staff, and the old peasant went away.

The sordid wretch now resolved that he would keep both the maiden and the money, for they both were his; and on the next day he went to seek Anne, but she had gone to school. He had learned that 'twas Olga who wanted her, and he feared the youth would take her away; so he hastened off to the school-house to bring her home, for he meant to keep her for himself!

Just as the school-master came in sight of the school-house, he saw Faudof entering, and before he could get there, the peasant had told Olga all that had happened. But Soltikoff came boldly in, nevertheless, and ordered Anne to accompany him home.

"But, sir," said Olga, "her father has bought her of you."

"Her father has had no money to buy her, sir," returned the master.

"He did, for I gave it to him, and I know he gave it to you."

"You forget, young sir," retorted the wretch, with a demoniac look, "that all Faudoff's earnings belong to me. If he earns money more than he needs to support life, it is mine, and I have it safe. I do not think you will deny that Anne is mine!"

Olga saw that his money was lost, for Soltikof spoke the truth. But before he could make any reply, some one knocked at the door, and in a moment more, two strangers entered the schoolroom. The one in advance was a tall, powerfully built man, in the vigor of life, and with a modest, frank bearing. He wore a long pelisse of fine fur, fastened about the waist by a girdle of silk, and his boots and bonnet were of the same kind of fur. His companion was dressed in the same manner.

"I have come," said the stranger, "only to see how your school appeared, for I feel a deep interest in education. I suppose you admit visitors."

"Of course," returned Olga, striving to check his wild emotions, which had been called up by the scene just opened.

Poor Anne had striven to control her feelings when the strangers entered, but she could not. The hot tears would burst forth, and her sobs were low and deep. The stranger—he who had entered first—noticed this; and he noticed other things, too. He could not but see Faudoff's agony, and the young tutor's distress. And in a polite, careful manner, he asked what it all meant.

"I'll tell you, sir," answered Olga, after a moment's hesitation. "This weeping maiden is this old man's child; and they are serfs of John Soltikof, whom you see before you. This old man asked his master for what price he would sell Anne's freedom, and the master told him ten thousand roubles. I gave Faudof eleven hundred double imperials, meaning that he should have a hundred of them for himself, and that with the rest he should buy his child. He accordingly carried the whole sum to his master, and asked him to count out the sum required for his child, and return the rest. But Soltikof kept all the money, and now swears that he will keep the maiden."

"A most strange case, truly," said the stranger; "but I suppose the master thinks the law is on his side."

"Of course it is," responded Soltikoff, quickly.

"And yet," added the other, "I should hardly think your course an honorable one."

"How, sir!! Do you dare to call my honor in question?" cried the master, in a rage.

"Do not get angry," said the stranger, with something like a smile upon his lips, but yet such a smile as few liked to see, who knew its import. "You received eleven thousand roubles from your serf?"

"I did not count it."

"But 'twas a large sum in gold?"

"Yes."

"And you had told him that he should have his child for ten thousand?"

"No, sir! I merely told him that was my price."

"Ah! a very nice difference, I must confess. But," continued the stranger, turning to the teacher, "why did you not buy the girl yourself? All this difficulty would have been avoided, then."

"I will tell you, sir," frankly replied Olga, moved to the confession by a strange confidence he felt in his unknown visitor. "I meant to make the noble girl my wife, and I chose to relieve her from her father's hands."

"That is laudable, at any rate. But have you a father?"

"Yes, sir; and he came here to see the maiden, and he was so well pleased with her that he placed the money in my hands at once. She is a—"

"Enough!" interrupted Soltikof. "The *maiden* will go back with me, and when she is gone, you, sir,"—to the visitor—"can examine the school to your heart's content."

The stranger raised the heavy staff he carried, and with a quick blow, he felled the sordid wretch to the floor. His dark eyes flashed fire, and his whole face was for a moment black with intense passion. But in the next moment he was calm.

"Young man," he said, turning to the teacher, "I admire your frankness, and I honor you for the noble choice you have made for a wife. She is yours, sir, and I only hope that you will ever honor and respect her, for, be assured that the love and honor bestowed upon a faithful wife, will be returned to you in peace and joy ten fold."

At this juncture, while the scholars, the teacher, and the old peasant were lost in astonishment, Soltikof arose to his feet.

"Now, dog!" uttered the stranger, turning towards him, "you shall retain ten thousand roubles, and one thousand you shall give back to this old man, together with his freedom. I shall pass this way in three days from this, and if you have neglected to do my bidding, then you shall suffer."

"Tell me, sir, who you are," tremblingly uttered Olga, while Soltikof fell back.

"Only Nicholas Paulowitsch," returned the man, with a smile.

"The Emperor!" cried Olga, sinking upon his knees.

"*The Emperor!*" gasped Soltikof, turning pale as death, while his knees refused to support him.

"Yes, sir," returned Nicholas, looking the wretch in the face. "And you have heard my orders. I shall see you on the third day from this."

Thus speaking, the Emperor turned and left the school-room, but before he closed the door behind him, he turned towards the young teacher, and said:

"I will visit your school when I return."

He was not fond of such scenes after the climax had passed, so he got away as soon as possible.

Shortly afterwards, Soltikoff crawled away from the school like a whipped cur, and on the next day both Faudof and his daughter received their freedom. At the appointed time, Nicholas returned and examined the school, and when he learned that Olga had kept it only out of love for the task, he praised him highly. But the czar did not visit the master, as he had promised. He found that his orders had been complied with, and he only sent an officer to demand of Soltikof the ten thousand roubles which he had received for the girl. He took them from him, as punishment for the base crime he would have committed, and bestowed them upon Anne for a dowry. All this was done while Nicholas was in the school, and when the officer had returned with the money, and the same had been passed over to Anne, he left to visit other schools in the circle.

Soltikof was informed by the officer who came with the Emperor's order that he could seek such redress at law as he saw fit; but he knew full well that Nicholas was at the head of all law, and he wisely hid his shame in his silence.

And Olga and Anne became man and wife, while the kind and grateful old peasant came to spend the evening of his life with them. The older Olga grows, the more does he love the gentle being who has become his partner of life; and they both, with their growing children, judge of Nicholas only by the bright spots in his character.

* By the laws of Russia, those serfs who support themselves on land allotted to them for that purpose, have to work for their masters only three days in the week, and such serfs cannot be sold away from the land thus occupied. If the master causes the serf to work for him all the time, which he is at liberty to do, he must feed and clothe him. In manufactories this is done, and also in the case of body-servants, etc.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LOVE.

The human heart—it is a fearful thing,
And we must touch it tenderly. If you
Have friends who are true and tried, and you would cling
To them forever, remember that they, too,
Have hearts. The storm sweeps swiftly o'er the flower—
'Tis stronger when the sunbeam comes again,
And for the drooping ea. a brighter hour.
Life should not be all joy and smiles, for then
We should not know the contrasts of our being,
We should not know the depth of human hearts.
We know of love by hate; and 'tis by seeing
Sorrow, laughter-loving joy imparts
A smile and dimple to the cheek, when wild
Exultant pleasures move us as the child.

A LUXURIOUS AUTHOR.

In this broiling month of July, I use every method in my power to guard against the heat: four servants constantly fan my apartments—they raise wind enough to make a tempestuous sea. My wine is plunged in snow and ice till the moment I drink it; I pass half my time in the cold bath, and divide the other half between an orange grove, cooled by a refreshing fountain, and my sofa; I do not venture to cross the street but in a coach. Other people are content with smelling flowers, I have hit on the method of eating and drinking them; I protest that my chamber smells stronger of perfume than Arabia Felix; and I am so lavish of rose-water and essence of jessamine that I actually swim in it. While my neighbors, at this sultry season, are overloading their stomachs with solid food, I subsist almost entirely on birds fed with sugar; these, with jellies and fruit, are the whole of my diet. My house is neither so elegant nor so costly as Fontainebleau; but it has a charming wood behind it, which the solitary ray cannot penetrate, and is admirably calculated for an invalid with weak eyes, or to make an ordinary woman tolerably handsome. The trees, covered with foliage to their very roots, are crowded with turtle-doves and pheasants; wherever I walk I tread on tulips and anemones, which I have ordered my gardener to plant among the other flowers, to prove that the French strangers do not suffer by a comparison with their Italian friends.—*Balzac.*

THE CITY OF MYSTERIES.

Rochester, New York, is now known as the "City of Mysteries." It was here that, many years ago, the plans were matured for the mysterious disappearance of William Morgan, whose fate to this day has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Out of this Morgan affair, a political excitement was evolved that swept like a hurricane all western New York, and prostrated the Democratic party of the State. Here, also, was first printed the Book of Mormon, by the prophet, Joe Smith, who pretended to have dug the golden plates from a sand hill, near Palmyra. The result of this wonderful imposture is now seen in the strange developments in Utah. It was in Rochester that the Fox girls brought out the mysterious sounds known as the "Rochester Knockings." From this germ sprung the modern spiritual system, numbering Judge Edmonds, Senator Tallmadge, and other eminent men among its votaries. The most recent Rochester mystery was the strange disappearance of Miss Emma Moore, in November last, and whose body has recently been found in a mill-race, under circumstances which deepen the mystery.—*New Yorker.*

ABSTRACTION OF MIND.

Abstraction of the mind and employment in one pursuit sometimes gives rise to odd occurrences. Of Dr. Hamilton, the author of a celebrated "Essay on the National Debt," it is said that he pulled off his hat to his own wife, in the street, and apologised for not having the pleasure of her acquaintance; that he went to his classes in the college in the dark mornings with one of her white stockings on one leg, and one of his own black ones on the other; that he often spent the whole time of the meeting in moving from the table the hats of the students, which they as constantly returned. He would run against a cow, turn round, beg her pardon, and hope she was not hurt.—*Eccentric Anecdotes.*

Jester's Picnic.

The North Alabamian relates the following story: "One of the men engaged in building the telegraph line through the "infected region," when it was first put up, eight years ago, tells an anecdote of an old lady who is now prominent among the believers in the new theory. When they were putting up the wire opposite the dwelling of the old lady referred to, she came out and insisted that they should put it further from the house, for, says she, "supposin' thar should be a war, and they should be sendin' cannons and bombs along the telegraft, and they should bust right here and tear everything all to pieces, I should like to know who's a gwine to pay for it? Take it away off thar, for I don't like the pesky thing no how!"

When Bonaparte's army were lying in camp, previous to the battle of Waterloo, they bitterly complained of their rations, especially the bread. However, they put up with it as long as they could, when a few men, more daring than *wolfish*, went to the quarters of the attached Commissariat General, and told him: "If you don't give us better rations, we will *hang you!*"

The astonished contractor immediately sought an interview with the emperor, and told him what had passed.

"Did *my* men say that?" said Napoleon.

"They did, sire," replied the general.

"Well, my friend, I am certainly very sorry for you," said the emperor, "for if they said so, they will certainly do it."

A rather amusing scene was witnessed at the Columbus (O.) post-office, the other morning. A rough, uncouth looking customer inquired for a letter at the general delivery. He received one, and not being sure that it was for him, he asked the clerk to read a few lines to him. Dave Brooks, with his usual urbanity and natural desire to accommodate, read as follows: "Dear S——, This letter comes a hoppin'. I take my penn in Hand to inform you that we are awl well, and hope you are enjoying the same blessin'. I am sorry to here you have been on another drunken spree——" "Stop!" shouted the attentive listener, "stop, I say; that ere letter's for *me*; here's your five cents; now fork over!" And amid a general laugh, he disappeared.

George the Fourth was at one time the patron of the late Sir Henry Bishop. His "fat friend," being particularly fond of glee music, would frequently have the composer down to the palace of Brighton. Bishop was put to the piano forte, and "Royal George" would take a part in the glee, generally holding a candle, and in such a manner that the wax fell upon the director's new dress coat, the visit proving thereby anything but profitable. But then it was considered something, in those days, to be the invited guest of "the most finished gentleman in Europe."

A justice of the peace, in Ohio, has adopted a novel mode of putting the test to all persons who are brought before him under charge of having taken too much stimulus. He has procured a long narrow plank, which is elevated from the ground by means of a brick at each end. This the accused is made to walk—or rather to attempt to walk. If he succeeds, he is at once discharged, and the constable saddled with the costs; but if he falls off, it is taken as *prima facie* evidence against him, and the sentence of the law is forthwith pronounced.

The Transcript says that a brief but amusing conversation between a servant girl and a milk boy was overheard the other day. The substance of it was this:

Girl.—"You water the milk."

Boy.—"No, we don't."

Girl.—"Yes, you do; if you don't, you take off the cream."

Boy.—"Well, we may take off the cream, but *we never water the milk.*"

Waiter (calling).—"Buckwheat, Brown."

Stranger.—"No, waiter! Buckwheat, Smith."

Waiter.—"Sir?"

Stranger.—"Buckwheat, Smith."

Waiter.—"Don't understand, sir."

Stranger (explaining).—"Why, you just ordered Buckwheats for Brown; my name is Smith; order buckwheat, Smith."

It is a curious fact that at parties, balls, or wherever a refreshment table is spread, every man seems to regard it as his just duty to fill himself to the very mouth with all the delicacies of the season, and to accomplish it in the least time possible, as if he was a gun, and anxious to ascertain his calibre, and find out how quickly he could be loaded in case of necessity.

Master of the house—"O, Mary, what is there for dinner to-day?"

Mary.—"I think, sir, it's cold mutton."

Master of the house.—"Hem! O, tell your mistress, when she comes in, that I may possibly be detained in the city on business, and she is on no account to wait dinner for me."

"'Tis strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

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R. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chesnut Sts., St. Louis.
Millen & Co., 75 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Kentucky.